This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

600080175R

POEMS.

POEMS:

BY

CHARLES H. HITCHINGS,

(OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.)

LONDON:

T. BOSWORTH, 215, REGENT STREET,

1851.

280. x. 317.

LONDON:
PRINTED by JOSEPH ROGERSON,
24, Norfolk-street, Strand.

TO HIS MOTHER

These Poems

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Children's Voices in the Colosseum at Rome	1
The Benediction from St. Peter's	9
The Church of San Francesco at Apisi	14
The Preacher in the Colosseum	16
The Resignation	18
The Two Wishes	25
The Spirit at the Fountain	28
The Soul's Passing	31
The River	35
The Legend of the Dew	38
The Lay of One Forgotten	41
The Wilding Flower	43
The Visionary	47
The Unloved Philosophy	50
The Golden Age	52
The Marys at the Sepulchre	57
Happy Things	59
My Philosophy	61
The Fairy Gold	63
Parting and Meeting	65
A Remonstrance	66
The Honest Wooer	68
Siste Viator	69
A Benediction	72
The Poet's Exile	73
Twilight and its Angels	74
Fancies	77
The Death of the Flowers	80
Lyrics	81

	Page
King Midas and His Followers	84
Souls' Communion	86
The Ivy	87
Patience and Hope	89
The Coquette	90
An Epitome of Life	93
Revenge	95
The Nest of the Skylark	97
The Rivals	99
Romance and Heroism	100
Silent Love	102
The Night of Agony	104
Nature's Revolution	106
The Lover's Part	112
Spirit-Gifts	113
A Death-Scene	115
Song of the Spirit of Music	116
Lilla's May-Day	119
False and Fair	131

SONGS.

The Song of the Zephyr	135
The Fate of the Rose	137
The Flower Girl	139
Music at Midnight	140
The Butterfly's Wings	141
The Village Stream	142
Let it Flow, so it Ripple	143
Angels of Night	144
Flowers for a Wreath	146
Love's Last Prayer	147
The Pearl of the Harem	148
The Dead of the Heart	150
The Parting Cup	151

POEMS.

THE CHILDREN'S VOICES IN THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.

'TWAS the noontide in the city of the high imperial
name;
And the sun struck broad and fierce along those paths
of ancient fame,
Where, of old, went glittering triumphs, mail-clad
musters, purple shows,
High-born dames, and princely poets with the laurel
on their brows.

And I sate within the Circus, musing deep on all the past,
Conning o'er the age-worn moral of the glory spent at last—
Dwindled down to distant legends; ruin only left to tell
Where the lofty Cæsar flourished, where the lonely Cæsar fell.

And my thoughts swept slowly backward to the grand and glorious time
When the earth was all the Roman's, and the world was in its prime—
When the ways were thronged with warriors, proud to show their soldier's scars—
When the captive Briton glowering moved behind the stately cars.

And my reverie waxed deeper, when upon that mournful ground,
Changing all the dream of Fancy, came a blithe rejoiceful sound,
Heard beneath the broken arches of the ruin old and grey—
Children's voices shrill and gleesome — children's voices at their play.

And I caught those blessed home-words we are first
to learn, when speech
Seems a hard unsimple lesson, past the feeble power
of reach—
Mother, Father, Sister, Brother; through the silent
air they rung,
Lispéd tones of sweetest music from a pure unguile-
ful tongue.

Tender tones, as old as hearts are! Would to God
no bitter change
Taught our lips a deadlier utterance, taught our souls
a bloodier range—
Filled affection's ancient source with hate, and sin,
and strife, and wrong—
Fixed the wrath-curse where in childhood sate the
blessing and the song.

Tender tones, as old as hearts are! Ere these crumb-
ling walls were built,
Closing round a tide of glory, closing round a tide of
guilt;
Since their wide majestic sternness crowned the work
of weary years,
Words like these have broke the silence to a thousand
alien ears.

MOTHER!—Once *he* lisped it softly, ere the warrior soul within
Learned the boy to find his music in the drum's discordant din—
Ere the sword had grown his plaything, and the tented field his bed,
Glory's wreath his brows becoming, drops his pastime bravely bled.

MOTHER!—Yes, he sighed it sadly, on that dark eventful day,
When a lady knelt before him, when he wept his fame away—
Spent the fire-storm filled his bosom in a waste of woman's tears,
And, slave to passion, flung away the flattery of years.

FATHER!—Once *she* lisped it softly, pressing on the loving knee
Of the soldier stedfast-hearted, leaning down his face to see
Crimson lips that moved to music worthy of the upward eyes,
Fain to help the weak tongue's trippings, with their silent, sweet replies.

FATHER!—Yes, she breathed it softly, as she felt his purpose strong,
When he dragged her through the Forum, in the eyes of all the throng.
FATHER!—Yes, she breathed it softer, clinging wildly to his side,
When his knife flashed hot and crimson with her life-blood's ebbing tide.

FATHER!—Yes, *she* spake it sweetly, once, that through the affrighted streets
Chides to speed her guilty chariot, till a kingly corse she meets;
Then, with calm deliberance mocking, "Do thy steeds unanswering tire?"
Bids the charioteer plunge onward o'er the ruins of her sire.

SISTER!—Yes, *he* spake it tenderly, beside the pleasant stream
Of the ever-winding Tiber, sporting in the sunny beam;
While he bound the wreath of poppies o'er her forehead, smooth and white,
Smiling fond to mark her child-eyes brimming over with delight.

SISTER !—Yes, he spake it wrathfully, avenging with a blow,
Struck for Rome's o'er-jealous honour there her tears degenerate flow ;
While a victor hurrying homeward from the combat's fatal strife,
Proud he bore upon his battle-blade her chosen lover's life.

BROTHER !—Yes, *he* toned it softly on the woody Palatine,
As they wandered in the twilight—" Brother, lay thy hand to mine !"
Ere the dream had crossed their childhood that their lives could e'er depart
From the present happy hand to hand, the happier heart to heart.

BROTHER !—Yes, he spake it scornfully, that leapt the rising wall—
BROTHER !—Yes, he spake it vengefully, that marked that brother's fall—
BROTHER !—Yes, he spake it tearfully, that gazed upon the dead—
But, " Brother, brother ! " never more that scornful brother said.

Then again the merry voices of the children at their play
Broke the dreary sense of silence in the swoon of summer day;
And a peal of laughter echoed from the distance, loud and clear;
But it saddened while it sounded on my memory-haunted ear.

For a painful thought came o'er me, of a sorrier, sadder scene
Played within these tottering walls, where now the olive glances green—
When these spaces filled with gazers, when this circle saw the strife,
Where the Tiger and the Christian struggled wildly, life for life.

Children's voices! were *they* childless — they that battled fierce and long?
Or did thoughts of children's faces nerve each muscle stout and strong?
Did they listen 'twixt the pauses for a sweet consoling tone,
Answering infant tones of solace with the hope-dispelling groan?

Were there children-gazers here too, led—great God!
—for sport, to see
How the Christian fathers' blood flowed? Did they
gaze on panglessly,
Trampling down the first affections, fresh and young
within the breast,
Stifling Nature's tenderest upshoots with a keen and
cruel zest?

Oh! I prayed for these dear children, cast upon a
better time,
Trained to happier, holier childhoods, tutored to a
truth sublime,
Meekly mothered, fondly fathered, taught from
infancy to share
Sisters' early morning orisons, and brothers' evening
prayer.

And they passed me as I pondered where the symbol
cross was reared
(By a thousand simple memories to their simple faith
endeared);
Each, a moment bending lowly, kissed the spirit-
saving sign—
Passed the laughter from their simple hearts, the
sorrow-thought from mine.

So we parted; thence again I saw not once in church
or square
Their happy childhood-faces, though I sought them
many a where;
But their gentle voices linger yet, like music soft and
fine,
Deep within my heart's recesses, with old memories
for a shrine.

THE BENEDICTION FROM ST. PETER'S.

Clear, and warm, and bright the air is. How the
fountains leap and play,
Mirroring back the morning sunshine of the fair
Italian day!
And the streets are hung with draperies of each
varying tint and hue—
Gorgeous crimson, royal purple, simple green, and
tender blue:

Birds are singing, bells are ringing—every face bears
smiles to-day,
Every lip a kindly greeting, every heart bounds blithe
and gay,
Young and old, and poor and princely, wending hope-
fully along
Through the close and crowded highways — let us
mingle with the throng!

Dark-eyed damsels, comely matrons, fair-haired
children, side by side,
Shaven priest, and helméd warrior, swells the aye-
increasing tide—
Lovers changing looks with lovers—fathers, mothers,
all are there—
With Lazarus troops of halt and lame, and hunger-
ing everywhere.
And each moment lends its hundreds as the human
mass moves on
To the harsh discordant music of the bells' distracting
tone—
While, above their tuneless voices, in the distance,
deep and clear,
Falls one bell-beat stern, majestic, like an anthem,
on the ear.

Through the Corso, the Piazza, where the lofty
Column soars,

Towards the Bridge that spans the Tiber now the crowd impatient pours ;
Past the time-worn grey Rotonda, where the gods of old, divine
Worshipped once, their place have yielded to the worship of the Trine.
Lo ! at last the Bridge—the Castle—now the Dome appears in sight,
High in heaven its cross uprearing in the distance glittering bright,
Till the mighty fane before us, like a monster marvel, stands—
Every grand proportion greatening as the wondering sense expands.

Leap the fountains, girt with rainbows—spreads the spacious Colonade—
Casts the cross-surmounted Obelisk its noon-contracted shade—
Basks the Vatican in broad light — breathe the zephyrs soft and fine
Balmy gales of fragrant coolness from the neighbouring Esquiline—
While the blue sky far above us, pure and tranquil and serene,
Like a roof of stainless azure, closes round upon the scene,

Where we stand in expectation — till the myriad voices cease,
And at once the drone of busy tongues is silenced into peace.

Bow down the knee to earth! Behold! in yon high gallery stands
The Pontiff of the Christian world—to heaven he lifts his hands:
Let fall your mortal weapons down—the Lord of Hosts is nigh,
Down gazing from his awful throne—the sovereign of the sky.
Now up to heaven the priestly prayer in clouds of incense soars—
Your Father spreads his hands above—the thundering cannon roars.
The bells strike out the hour of noon—the solemn rite is done—
Hence to your homes, ye faithful ones! Be blesséd every one!

The crowds are parting homewards as I mount the foot-worn stair;
I enter in the holy fane—a few lone kneelers there,
Round the ever-lighted saint-shrine, and along the marble floor,

Make the desertness the deeper as I pass the curtained door—
And the silence thrills like thunder as adown the aisles I stray,
Pondering o'er the sculptured records of the greatness past away—
Kings and Princes, Saints and Pontiffs, all to cold oblivion gone—
Bull, and Brief, and Benediction, mute beneath the levelling stone.

So I turn me from the Temple. How the fountains leap and play,
Mirroring back the bright warm sunshine of the clear Italian day!
Basks the Vatican in broad light — breathe the zephyrs soft and fine
Balmy gales of cooling fragrance from the neighbouring Esquiline—
And the streets are gay with draperies of each varying tint and hue—
Gorgeous crimson, royal purple, simple green, and tender blue.
But the crowd, the mighty crowd, is gone: one child alone is there
Playing in amongst the columns as I pass from out the Square.

THE CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO AT ASSISI.

A MIRACLE I hold within my mind—
A dream of beauty stamped in solid stone ;
Three temples in one perfect whole combined—
A marvel in the world that stands alone :
Above, all light and brilliancy appears—
A fane by Giotto's wondrous hand o'ertraced,
The master-work of long laborious years
By Dante overleaned—the thunder-paced
Olympus-climber, on whose brow the scorn
Set immortality. High thoughts are rife
To picture these two dreamers grandeur-born,
Coining the transient moments of a life
To an eternity of Fame, sublime,
Beyond the grasp of Death—the rust of Time.

Beneath, all gloom—a crypt-like darkness broods,
Striking a feel of numbness to the heart,
That hardly fades by use. No thought intrudes
Of earth, or earthly aims : the camp, the mart,

Hold no dominion here. All's still as death,
And holy, calm, and peaceful: tapers dim,
And the far-floating incense' odorous breath,
O'ercome the senses till they reel and swim.
A temple this for sorrow-laden souls
To struggle heavenward in. Pass we the stair;
Deeper and deeper still the path unfolds
Another fane: a saint lies slumbering there.
O miracle of beauty—type divine
Of Him whose house thou art—the One and Trine!

So built the Eternal Architect the soul—
His glorious temple in the universe—
Where, comprehended in one perfect whole,
Three shrines he made, conforming, yet diverse.
Above, Imagination plies her art
Of wild, fantastic garniture: beneath,
Cold Reason, ever brooding, plays her part:
And deeper down is the still house of Death,
Where old affections calm and holy sleep
In the funereal vaults of memory;
Where Hope her never-failing lamp doth keep
Alive amid the still solemnity:
And these, the bright, the sober, and the dim
Form one soul-temple, dedicate to Him.

THE PREACHER IN THE COLOSSEUM.

A PREACHER *here!* What words from mortal tongue
Can preach as doth this silence? Far around
Man's Titan works lie crumbling to the ground;
And this vast pile, whose tottering walls upsprung
In Rome's imperial day, drops, stone by stone
And arch by arch, away before our eyes.
Here, where the Cæsars sate, the owl alone
Uplifts to heaven her hoarse sepulchral cries;
Here, where the Christian bled—behold the cross!—
Here where the words of life were words of death,
And torture and sharp agony, and loss
Of all that fleets and fades with human breath,
The bells deep sounding in the golden morn
Yon monk deals forth his precepts trite and worn.

I list him not: for me these crumbling walls
Have deeper eloquence; and this fair sky—
A roof of subtlest azure throned on high,
Above the wrecks of temples, towers, and halls.

Earth changes aspects like a human face ;
And all that was and is not, or is now
And shall be not ere long, leaves but a trace
No mightier than a wrinkle on the brow,
Or grey hair which we mark not. " Vanity
Of vanities!" our boasted works and powers,
Our pomps and feuds, and triumphs. Her fair sky
Is all remains to Rome of hers and ours :
Time fleets, earth fades, life changes, hearts are riven ;
Stands fast, unchanged, unchanging, only Heaven.

THE RESIGNATION.

" Povero cor, tu palpiti,
Nè a torto in questo dì
Tu palpiti così,
Povero core."
—METASTASIO.

PART I.

THE PALACE-GATE.

SHE bowed her head—she took the crown
In silence from her bended brow—
She layed the golden sceptre down,
And in her heart unsaid the vow.
Without a tear, without a sigh,
Without a single thought of pain,
She put the imperial purple by,
And said, " I am a girl again !"

The bells were ringing loud and clear—
  Gay voices sang in every street:
She heard them shout, "The prince is near!"
  And, pale and trembling, ran to meet.
In robe of white she issued forth,
  A simple rose-bud in her hair—
Search well the world from south to north,
  You shall not find a face so fair.

She stood before the palace-gate—
  Low at the prince's feet she bowed,
To take his own that came in state,
  Attended by a flattering crowd.
She only thought, "Can these be gay?"
  She only said, "Can these forget
I *was* their queen but yesterday—
  I *am* their loving sister yet?

"I loved them with a tender heart—
  I ruled them with a gentle hand;
But cannot bid my love depart,
  As I let go my late command.
Thou wilt," she cried, "that law restore,
  Or ere I reigned that pressed them down;
That drenched their streets with mingling gore,
  And armed the crook against the crown.

" Now, therefore, prince, a boon of thee—
Thy promise, for this people's sake—
And God be judge 'twixt thee and me,
If thou that promise falsely break:
That law thou wilt no more revive,
The root of so much wrong and pain—
So may'st thou long and prosperous live—
So mayst thou long and prosperous reign."

He raised her from the palace floor,
He looked into her angel face,
And felt, as ne'er he felt before,
How sweet compassion leadeth grace:
Then answered in a softer tone,
" I have no heart to say thee nay—
So thou wilt reign my queen, my own,
And call this day our bridal-day."

Then spake she forth: " It cannot be."
Whereat the prince in anger sware,
" Well, lady, well: it rests with thee,
Thy people, if thou wilt, to spare.
But, as I live, my former will,
Evil or good, shall hold its way,
If thou thy part dost not fulfil
Before the sunset close the day."

The tears fell fast adown her cheek,
And heavy drooped her laden eyes—
She, struggling vainly, strove to speak,
But found no words. A storm of sighs
Heaved her sweet bosom, till she fell
A fainting form before his sight.
" Lady," he, passing, said, " Farewell!
I wait to hear thy will to-night."

Part II.

THE CHAMBER.

She bowed her head—she pressed her hand
In pain across her aching brow :
But yesterday she might command,
And bless but with a wish——and *now*— :
She dashed her starting tears away,
She sat one moment calm and still,
Bent down beneath the maddening sway
Of wounded love and struggling will.

She thought on one whose voice's tone
Had thrilled so oft her listening ear ;
That spake of all save that alone
Had been her dearest joy to hear.

" He loves me—loves me not!" she said:
" Would God the fateful truth I knew!
Better to rest among the dead
Than wrong a heart whose love is true."

She turned to where the casement stood,
That looked into the crowded street;
She lingered there in pensive mood,
Listening the tramp of clattering feet;
She saw the fountains dance and play—
The banners and the pomp she saw—
And called to mind the joyful day
That doomed to death the fatal law.

There came anear an aged man,
That leaned upon his daughter's arm:
Her child beside them leaped and ran,
With cheeks like roses red and warm.
" I love ye passing well," she said,
As near and nearer still they drew;
" But better rest among the dead
Than wrong a heart whose love is true!"

With glances on a bashful troop
Of lads, that looked another way,
There came beside a dancing group
Of bright-eyed damsels, blithe and gay.

" I love ye—love ye all," she said,
As near and nearer still they drew ;
" But better rest among the dead
Than wrong a heart whose love is true ! "

" Than wrong a heart ! "—her tears fell fast—
A tender conscience ached and stung,
Till with the goading thought at last
Her soft and gentle soul was wrung.
" What heart ? O Self, that can disguise
In mask of worth thine hideous mien !
What hope could lift Theodoric's eyes,
When he was page and I was queen ?

" What heart to wrong ? 'Tis I alone
The severance and the pang must bear ;
Mine, only mine, love's bitterest moan—
None shall my patient sorrow share.
And yet to part "——She raised her head—
The westering sun was sinking low—
His last long beams their radiance shed
Upon her cheek, as pale as snow.

There went a pair of lovers by—
She heard their whispers soft and meek—
She saw the tear in either eye
That told what neither dared to speak.

She heard deep words of severance said—
O cruel severance!—godlike will!—
" Better to rest among the dead
Than duty's mandate unfulfil! "

She dropped upon her bended knee—
She sought her God to lend her aid—
" Pluck out this haunting Self from me;
Make strong this feeble heart," she prayed.
She snatched the pen—she scrawled in haste,
And slipped a pricely gem between;
" Thank God!" she cried, " this pang is past;
Let *love* be as it ne'er had been! "

The sun sank down behind the hill—
The crownless queen was crowned again,
Who cast to earth her dearest will,
Her people's freedom to retain.
And while the marriage bells were loud,
And all, save *one*, were blithe and gay,
A youth went through the exulting crowd,
For ever from the court away.

Then learned they of her sacrifice,
Had else the fatal law returned;
Stood tears in all her people's eyes,
While love in every bosom burned.

" Now blessings on our lady's head ! "
Before her feet their knees they threw.
" Better I die," she meekly said,
" Than slight these hearts whose love is true ! "

THE TWO WISHES.

One morn, upon a rocky steep,
High up above the level earth,
Two youths, escaped the bonds of sleep,
Felt first ambition's earliest birth.
Aspiring o'er the tardy race
Of common minds, that height to reach
Which towers above the commonplace,
Each turned his glowing thought to speech.

" Brother, I would," the elder cried,
" Like this high rock my fate might be—
Commanding nations far and wide,
And famed throughout eternity ;

O'er grovelling minds and puny things
In kingly power to soar and soar,
Mounting on still aspiring wings,
Forthshadowing God for evermore!"

"Not thus would I," the younger said,
"Pursue the pomp of lonely state:
A simple wreath should crown my head,
By simple goodness grown to great.
Would that my soul, like yonder sun,
Still blessing all, by all things blest,
Her glorious race of love might run—
God's poet, from the east to west."

Each wish was heard. The years rolled by—
The golden time of youth fled past,
And, changing with the changing sky,
To men these brothers grew at last.
The elder graced a kingly throne,
In purple splendour full arrayed;
The younger ruled by song alone,
And reigned beneath the sylvan shade.

Lesser in love than pride of power
His iron sway the elder bore,
Till, wrought to madness, one dark hour,
Their fateful oath conspirers swore.

Not less in power than pride of love,
His truthful songs the younger sang,
Till soon through every sylvan grove
The lays of freedom loudly rang.

Through many a grade of strife and wrong
The tyrant's power and love declined ;
Through many a golden sphere of song
Still upward soared the poet's mind :
Till came, at last, the avenging hour
That broke for aye the oppressor's rod,
That trampled down tyrannic power,
And crowned the poet half a god.

And still again the years rolled by ;
And through a plain there went alone,
With gaze towards the sunbright sky,
The Poet—but the steep was gone.
Shivered beneath the lightning's shock,
Whose bolt its massy bulk had riven,
In crumbling fragments lay the rock,
While beamed the noontide sun in heaven.

Still high above the exalted hills,
As on that wishful morn he shone,
That sun his burning throne fulfils
In love serene, sublime, alone.

And lofty powers of earth, that frown
  Unkindly on the mean below,
God's wrath still hurls in thunder down,
  'Neath Love's eternal changeless glow.

THE SPIRIT AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Of olden time, in fairy bowers,
  Among the many wonders there,
There sprang from out the blooming flowers
  A magic fountain, bright and fair.
Its waters danced, like stars at night
  Which shoot adown the autumn sky,
And sprinkled with their droplets light
  Each elf and fay that wandered by.
Near to its source young Love was seen,
  Carved by some fairy chisel fine—
As peering out from forth the green
  He seemed to say, "This fount is mine!"
So ever leaped the fountain bright,
From midst the roses, day and night.

A legend of an antique time
Had told this fountain's virtues rare ;
And hither came from every clime
The spirits of the young and fair.
They came with vases bright and pure,
To bear the priceless drops away,
Whose charm, the legend told, was sure
To soothe e'en Sorrow's darkest day.
So sought the magic waters still
Those spirits of the human kind ;
Though some had sadly failed to fill,
And some their vases left behind—
Went back to seek them, all in vain—
They never found the fount again.

One morn—'twas in the early spring—
There came to seek the waters there,
With hopeful eye and glittering wing,
A human spirit, young and fair.
A vase within her arms she bore
Of perfect crystal, pure and good ;
So gentle was the look she wore,
The angels blessed her as she stood,
And prayed she might have strength to hold
Her burden when her vase was filled.
She glanced upon the beads of gold
Which at her feet the fount had spilled ;

And with her urn all trustful crept
To where the magic waters leapt.

A moment more, and o'er the brim
Those magic waters overflowed ;
Her eye, so bright but now, grew dim ;
She tottered with her priceless load.
A moment *more*—before her eyes
Her crystal vase in fragments lay—
She glanced up to the pitying skies,
Then, slow and tearful, turned away.
Scorn not the tale : Her task is ours,
In Joy's bright land our hearts to fill
From Love's sweet fount, that mid life's flowers
For us is flowing purely still ;
And many a heart, too weak to bear
Its load of bliss, hath broken there.

THE SOUL'S PASSING.

It is ended !—all is over!
Lo ! the weeping mourners come—
Mother, father, friend, and lover—
To the death-encumbered room.
Lips are presséd to the blesséd
Lips that evermore are dumb.

Take her faded hand in thine—
Hand that no more answereth kindly ;
See the eyes were wont to shine,
Uttering love, now staring blindly ;
Tender-hearted speech departed—
Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,
Warming, brightening every part ;
There it slumbereth cold for ever—
No more merry leap and start,
No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
In its silent home, the heart!

Hope not answer to your praying !
  Cold, responseless lies she there.
Death, that ever will be slaying
  Something gentle, something fair,
Came with numbers soft as slumbers—
  She is with him otherwhere !

Mother ! yes, you scarce would chide her,
  Had you seen the form he bore,
Heard the words he spoke beside her,
  Tender as the look he wore,
While he proved her how he loved her
  More than mother—ten times more !

Earthly father ! weep not o'er her !
  To another Father's breast,
On the wings of love he bore her
  To the kingdom of the blest,
Where, no weeping eyelids keeping,
  Dwells she now in perfect rest.

Friend ! He was a friend that found her
  Amid blessings poor and scant,
With a wicked world around her,
  And within a heavenly want ;
And supplied her, *home* to guide her,
  Wings, for which the weary pant.

Lover! yes, she loved thee dearly!
When she left thee, loved thee best!
Love, she knew, alone burns clearly
In the bosoms of the blest:
Love she bore thee watches o'er thee—
Is the angel in thy breast!

Mourners all! have done with weeping!
I will tell you what he said,
When he came and found her sleeping;
On her heart his hand he laid—
"Sleep is, maiden, sorrow-laden;
Peace dwells only with the dead.

"Wend with me across the river—
Seems so bitter, *is* so sweet!
On whose other shore for ever
Happy, holy spirits greet;
Grief all over, friend and lover
In a sweet communion meet!

"Is it bitter, father, mother,
Lover, friend, to leave behind
All their blessed loves, and other?
Come with me, and thou shalt find,
Where thy spirit shall inherit
Perfect love and perfect mind.

" Love that is to mortals given
Struggles with imperfect will ;
Love alone that homes in heaven
Can its perfect self fulfil ;
Where, possessing every blessing,
Still it grows and greatens still !

" See, I bring thee wings to bear thee
To the blessed angel home ;
Dear ones dead, for ever near thee,
From thy side no more to roam ;
Love increaséd, wait thou blesséd
Till the living loved ones come !

" O'er the river ! "—Lo ! she faltered
While he took her by the hand ;
And her blessed face grew altered
As she heard the sweet command.
Father ! lover ! all was over !
So she passed to Spirit Land !

THE RIVER.

On through time there rolls a river,
Fed with thought's eternal dew—
Rolls for ever, resting never,
Toward the perfect and the true:
Barriers broken, checks defeated,
Darkness scattered, lets down-hurled,
Truth and freedom firmlier seated,
Mark its progress through the world.

Trace it to its source; it rose in
Darkness of abysmal night,
Shades of error round it closing,
Pervious to no purer light;
Shallow then, but deepening ever,
From the glooms it burst its way—
First a streamlet, then a river—
From the darkness to the day.

Wave by wave for aye increasing,
Still victorious, still sublime,
With an impulse never ceasing,
O'er the rocks and shoals of time.
Toward the vanward hurrying onward,
From the old unto the new—
Rolls it ever, resting never,
Toward the perfect and the true.

Woe to them that, idly rearing
Old obstructions in its track,
Taught by all the past no fearing,
Fain would turn its current back :
They but tempt their own undoing :
Like a giant in its wrath,
O'er their barriers, rent to ruin,
It will thunder on its path.

For it rolls resistless onward,
Deepening, widening, on its way ;
Pressing stronglier toward the vanward,
Stronglier toward the perfect day—
Lit with light from heaven, and aided
By the earnest hearts and true—
By the soul, to God that made it,
Struggling on from old to new.

Sigh not, then, for the departed—
It hath passed and gone for aye ;
But, with impulse nobler-hearted,
For the future clear the way.
Help to flow this mighty river,
Fed with thought's eternal dew,
Till it merge at last for ever
In the perfect and the true.

THE LEGEND OF THE DEW;

OR,

THE LOVE-TOKEN OF THE ANGEL.

" Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl."
—MILTON.

WHAT time creation's work was done,
And Paradise in beauty smiled,
To greet her sovereign lord, the sun—
Uprising from her visions wild—
The lark, sweet matin-bird, on wings
Of glorious splendour poised on high,
Rained forth, as from a thousand springs,
Her gushing tide of minstrelsy;
And poured into the listening ear
Of wondering seraphs, pure and bright,
Such raptures of the new-born year,
That many an angel came by night

To gaze on Eden's peaceful bowers,
And bring her love-gifts to the flowers.

They came with tints of every hue
Which Art or Fancy could devise,
And incense-breathing odours too,
To greet the blooms of Paradise.
Among the rest to Eden came
The angel of the early hours—
And sweet Aurora was her name—
With love-gifts for the opening flowers.
Her cheek with blushes fair o'erspread
Her breath with perfume cooled again;
And thus upon her way she sped,
At dawn, through all the bright domain.
The flowers all owned her matchless grace—
The loveliest of the angel race.

The rose, abashed at charms so rare—
Her perfume and her blush outdone—
Breathed out in odorous sighs a prayer
(The angel's crown before her shone)—
"Spirit of light! a boon! a boon!
O grant me but the meanest gem,
Since all my charms must fade so soon,
Of that celestial diadem—
The circlet of thine angel brow—
Whose starry brightness tells of heaven;

And not to *me* alone—oh now
To every flower let one be given,
As token of the angel's love
That came to bless us from above ! "

The Angel of the Dawning wept—
Her tears upon the roses fell—
And since that hour there still hath slept
A pearl in every floweret's cell.
And still through earth's unholy bowers
That angel's early footsteps rove ;
Still drop her pearls upon the flowers,
The tokens of her changeless love.
And maidens choose e'en now to wear
Those buds on which the dewdrops lie,
And braid not roses for their hair
Which have no pearls, for these will die ;
Since from such flowers, they ofttimes say,
The angel's love hath passed away.

THE LAY OF ONE FORGOTTEN.

Sleep soft upon your silken beds,
  Close-curtained velvets wrap ye round,
In chambers fast from echoing treads,
  And hushed from every wakeful sound ;
Light joys flit through your favoured dreams,
  Indulge each blissful fancy there,
Where every fond illusion seems
  As real as pain ! O, sisters fair,
Gentle, and good, and happy be—
But sometimes waste a thought on me !

The world is very cold and bleak,
  While pleasure crowns our happiest lot ;
But, ah ! to bear the crimson cheek,
  The aching heart, and be forgot !
Name never more my former name—
  Ye could not breathe it and be gay,
Remembering how the hand of Shame
  Tore from your love that *one* away.

Happy, and good, and tearless be—
But sometimes waste a thought on me!

Think of me as ye think of those
From you the unrestful wave divides—
Upon whose distant fortunes close,
In severance harsh, ungenial tides—
Dear to the memory's pensive hour
For gentle words and pressures past—
Dearer because a transient flower,
Whose short-lived sweetness did not last.
When in your hearts old times shall be,
Sweet sisters, sometimes think on me!

Or as the dead (a tenderer thought,
Nearer and dearer)—if ye will—
As one whose young departure brought
A void to home, her place to fill—
Whose faded form and altered face
From out the mind ye leave to pass,
Remembering but its earlier grace,
And all the gentle thing it *was*.
When in your hearts the dead shall be,
O, sisters, sometimes think on me!

No need to ask these alms of love,
Could I but lay this bosom bare,
And to your hard compassion prove
Each aching memory cloistered there:

The sweet affection turned to gall—
The trustful hope—a ruin now—
And where the heart had garnered all—
O, sisters of the stainless brow,
Pray that it ever stainless be—
But sometimes waste a thought on me!

THE WILDING FLOWER.

YES, lady, yes! the flower you prize
Without the garden's culture grew;
No flattering gaze of fostering eyes
O'erwatched its draught of morning dew.
So rude the spot it called its bed,
You scarce had deigned to wander there—
No smooth-shorn turf to tempt the tread,
No fountain fresh, no rich parterre:

But cold bleak rocks on every side,
Where blustering winds exert their force;
And one black stream, whose boisterous tide
Rolled on with murmurs deep and hoarse.

No welcome tree, with outstretched boughs,
Gave shelter from the biting blast;
But darksome caves and sunken sloughs,
Beneath a low sky overcast.

Yet strong the hardy youngling grew,
Though nursed not by the hand of art,
Fed by the simple morning dew,
There in the waste land's wildest part:
Nor grown, nor plucked, nor prized in vain,
If, lady, thou the gift receive;
And with the flower consent to gain
The healthful truth it aims to give.

Nature all aid of art disdains,
And vindicates her power divine,
When thus on rude and rugged plains
She makes her fairest offspring shine;
Nor is there in the world so wide,
Search where thou wilt, a single spot,
Whate'er the garden's boastful pride,
In Nature's love remembered not.

The storm may beat, the lightning rend,
Yet, 'midst their very stir and strife,
If that her power kind Nature lend,
The rock-born flower may spring to life

As in the painter's battle-scene,*
Beside the blaze her charm bestows,
Of youthful red and healthful green,
A simple solitary rose.

And, lady, learn a deeper truth :
No heart throughout creation beats,
Of hardened age or erring youth,
But deep within its close retreats,
In still seclusion, haply lie
Fair germs of many a gentle flower,
That lack but fostering sympathy
To spring the bright ones of the hour.

It was an erring sister's hand
The dying youth relieved, sustained—
Held back life's well-nigh ebbing sand,
When scarce the power of life remained—
Shut self from sight, and gave its all,
While virtue passed uncaring by :†
Angels forgot her woman's fall
That marked her woman's charity !

---

* Landseer's "Time of War."

† See De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium eater."

Ah, lady, lady! happy thou,
  Whose blessed youth no stain hath known—
The tablet of whose virgin brow
  God's love hath marked for virtue's own!
Whose gentle bosom, hour by hour,
  His watchful angels keep with care,
Warming to life each wakening flower,
  That each may blossom kindly there.

Scorn not thy fallen sister's heart,
  Whose rocky soil, whose bitter clime—
Like yonder waste land's wildest part,
  Cold e'en in summer's fostering prime—
Seems desert all. *One* seed may still,
  Nursed in some sympathetic hour,
Spring up from that ungentle will
  As fair as this, thy Wilding Flower!

THE VISIONARY.

TAKE from my memory, God, that hideous dream!
Raze out its stamp from this distracted brain!
Give perfect gentleness the gift to seem
Angel, that surely angel is, again!

It haunts me in the palace, in the walks
Where once her saint-like footsteps loved to stray.
A shadowy demon in her pathway stalks,
And shuts my dizzying soul-sight from the day.

Low at the shrine while bends her suppliant knee,
Cold damning memory mocks her e'en in prayer—
Dimly the white, sin-lifted arm I see,
And the sharp, shuddering death-knife startling there.

Candle and crucifix fade fast away—
The altar vanishes; and in its stead,
Lit by her conscious taper's trembling ray,
Stands the dread vision of that fatal bed.

Now never more, her dove-like, downcast eyes
Upon my once-won heart have power to steal.
Love, like a ruffled nestling, fearful flies,
And prescient horror sums up all I feel.

Take from my memory, God, that hideous dream
Raze out its stamp from this distracted brain!
Give perfect gentleness the gift to seem
Angel, that angel surely is, again!

O after days! O dreadful years to come!
Haply some tender youth her heart shall win;
And lead her blushful to her bridal home—
Her bed—Shut out! shut out that dream of sin!

With my distempered thoughts, how shall I hear
The changeful music of her marriage bell?
Whose every beat shall to my fancy bear
The direful portent of an answering knell.

How shall I live to see that haunting hand
Bestow the unshared affection of a life?
Nor shuddering view, to blast me where I stand,
The reeking spectre of that ruthless knife.

How shall I fear, kissing her first-born child?
How tremble, lest her sworn one faithless fall?
Lest, by some fiend-born frenzy stricken wild—
Great heaven! that hideous dream o'ermasters all!

Yet while I wander thus in horror's maze,
  Painting thus crimson red her future time,
She walks in tranquil calm life's peaceful ways,
  With guileless heart, unconscious of a crime.

So gentle is she, that an angel might
  Change bosoms with her, and be more than blest :
While with the hell of one unhappy night,
  And one dark dream, I walk the world possest.

Shut from her love, whom all but I adore—
  'Reft of that beauty others joy to see—
I in her soft eyes view, for evermore,
  One look, invisible to all but me.

Take from my memory, God, that hideous dream !
  To ancient happy thoughts my soul restore !
Give back her gentleness the gift to seem
  Pure angel, as she angel is, once more !

THE UNLOVED PHILOSOPHY.

Oh ! teach not that Spring's early flowers
Are creatures of a day,
Which, ere the first of Autumn's hours,
Shall fleet and fade away ;
I love not thy philosophy.
Shall things so passing fair
As these sweet roses fade and die ?—
These lovely gems, that on the air
Still cast sweet odours fresh and rare—
Shall these in withered ruin lie ?—
I love not thy philosophy !

Oh ! teach not that the golden ray
Which fair Aurora brings,
What time she opes the gates of day,
With dew-drops on her wings—
Teach not that, ere the purple eve,
A shadow shall be cast
O'er this sweet light, and only leave
The sickly moon to tell at last
Of all the golden radiance passed
From day's ethereal canopy :—
I love not thy philosophy !

Oh! teach not that Love's early dream
  Shall vanish from the heart,
And like the bubble of a stream
  Ere wintry age depart;
I love not thy philosophy.
  Shall passions pure and bright
As Love and Friendship faded lie?—
  Those stars that lend their cheering light
  To us poor pilgrims of the night—
Shall these our guardian angels die?
I love not thy philosophy!

Oh! teach not that Hope's golden fire
  But dazzles to betray,
And that the chords of Fancy's lyre
  Fall one by one away;—
I love not thy philosophy.
  Shall lights like those which shone
O'er Youth's ideal phantasy,
  And chords that lent so sweet a tone
  To early days—shall these be gone?
Nay, rather let the spirit fly;—
I love not thy philosophy!

THE GOLDEN AGE.

" Felice etá dell'oro
Che l'oro mai non vide."
—ROSETTI.

THE golden age ! the golden age !
The bright utopian day,
Ere Guilt had marred sweet Nature's page,
Or Strife her simple lay !
Then every heart was free from guile,
And every bosom kind—
Each maiden wore a trustful smile,
Each swain a constant mind.

Then simplest pastimes pleased the best—
The rosy wreath to twine—
Beneath the sylvan shade to rest—
Or quaff the harmless wine ;
While fleecy flocks, as white as snow,
Along the pastures ranged,
Beneath the sun's perennial glow,
That cheered and never changed.

Then Love was all the shepherd's song,
And rustic pipes were gay—
When fauns and dryads danced along
To some old herdsman's lay.
Then simple herbs to hunger's want
Their mild repast would yield—
Nor fruits were few, nor streams were scant,
In all that happy field.

Then men were well content to live
By honest Nature's plan:
The weak to take, the strong to give—
Enough for every man.
The sun was fashion's leader then—
When he arose, rose they,
With early songs in dale and glen,
To welcome in the day.

Then was the hunter's art untaught,
The fisher's net unknown;
Nor man dared nurse the selfish thought
That all things were his own.
Then timid hares skipped through the wood,
Unfearful of the chase;
Nor snares made havoc through the flood
Against a harmless race.

Then wore the woods a fairer green,
Because therein was peace;
The squirrel's leap was nearlier seen,
The lambling's downy fleece.
Through all the world was love and trust,
Nor craft gave cause to fear;
Nor ruffian rage, nor brutal lust
Profaned the tranquil year.

The gods themselves Olympus left,
Amongst mankind to reign,
And nymphs from many a rocky cleft
Shed lustre o'er the plain.
Apollo tuned his golden wire,
And, 'neath the sylvan shade,
Shed music from his heavenly lyre
That gods and men obeyed.

Old Bacchus pressed the purple wine,
To cheer the herdsman's toil;
And Ceres from her lap divine
Poured stores of corn and oil;
While Oreads from the mountain steep
Came wandering lightly down;
And Nereïds from their streams would creep,
With lotos for a crown.

Sometimes a merry sport they made
With satyrs reeling ripe,
Or danced beneath the clustering shade
To Pan's harmonious pipe.
Sometimes Silenus' hoary jest
With laughter shook the sky ;
Sometimes her peacock's dazzling crest
Proclaimed great Juno nigh.

Arcadia's groves at eve would hide
Fond lovers, twain by twain ;
Their heart-warm kisses while they plied
As fast as April rain.
And mirth was hale and hearty then,
And laughter loud and long ;
And maids were maids, and men were men,
Not units of a throng.

Alas ! alas ! these golden days
Small trace have left behind,
In these our super-courtly ways,
In this our march of mind :
We've hewn the groves down, branch and root,
And built great cities there,
Our sickly selfish schemes to suit,
Our ill-got wealth to bear.

Our maids, alas ! our swains, alack !
  Our mirth, how forced and stale !
Our lovers, a disguiseful pack—
  Our health, how " green and pale ! "
But Innocence and Truth we may
  E'en in these times retain ;
So strive to bring a golden day
  Upon the earth again :

A golden day—when Truth shall bind
  In one communion all,
And free the upward mounting mind
  From every servile thrall ;
When, greater far than gods of old,
  All virtues here shall reign,
And a new Age of purer Gold
  Mankind, grown wiser, gain.

THE MARYS AT THE SEPULCHRE.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

They sit before the grave, with sorrow dumb,
Those pale-faced mourners of the buried God;
While morn, and noon, and eve unwelcomed come,
With light and shade athwart the sacred sod;
Watching, in silent agony of prayer,
The stone which hides the dead without a sin—
Unconscious of the hope made perfect there—
Unmindful of the glory quick within.

They sit—with human hearts about to break—
With human eyes, on desolation bent—
With human passions stricken for His sake—
Nor know that death-sleep's pre-ordained intent.
Earth to their spirits looks no longer fair:
The home, the hearth alike are desolate;
And all their life seems but to linger there,
Still broken-hearted, on the dead to wait.

So sit *we* ofttimes, sorrowing at the tomb
Of some dear heart-god of our holiest love—
Some best affection buried in its bloom
Of sanctity; all other hopes above—
With human hearts, too weak for humble trust—
With human eyes, which cannot look within—
With human spirits, prostrate in the dust,
By grief o'ermastered ever as by sin.

So watch *we* ofttimes through a mist of tears
Our own "sepulchral hearts," wherein they lie—
Those perished idols of our happier years—
And mourn and weep beside them till we die;
Leaving unblest the homes where we might be
The Angels of the Hearth—forgetting all,
Save life's *one* broken chord of melody,
We hang our harps for ever on the wall.

But God, who saw those Marys weeping there,
Over that tomb-like casket, wherein lay,
Quickening in Death, the germ of Life all fair—
In Night, the shining of the perfect Day.
He sees our faithless sorrow, and forgives
The unkind murmurs of our suffering mood—
But bids us still remember that He lives
To work our veriest evil into good.

HAPPY THINGS.

"All who joy would win
Must share it. Happiness was born a twin."
—BYRON.

THE bounding brook's a happy thing—as on its way
it goes;
Through silent glens and leafy woods, how merrily it
flows!
The flowers upon its banks that grow are lovely to
behold,
And fish upon its surface lie of silver and of gold.
And brightly as it runneth on, how merrily it breaks
The silence of the lone wood with the melody it
makes!
While to that music, as it floats, the rising lark doth
sing—
Oh! who can doubt the bounding brook's a happy,
happy thing?

The summer cloud's a happy thing, as merrily on high
It wanders on in beauty through the bright blue summer sky :
It is the last of happy things on which the lingering sun
Pours out his golden splendour when the weary day is done.
It is the speechless messenger that travels from afar ;
To bear love's pure and holy thought, it wends from star to star ;
And still it sails through pathless space on free and chainless wing—
Oh ! who can doubt the summer cloud's a happy, happy thing !

But, ah ! that bounding brook doth shed all silently its showers
Of pure, and clear, and cooling drops upon its neighbour flowers :
And, ah ! that summer cloud on high doth watch them while they fade,
And pause upon his merry way, to gather to a shade.
For all things in this world of ours—the lovely and the fair—
That would be bright, and happy things their happiness must share—

The Heart that still o'er all around its every joy doth fling—
Oh! never doubt that heart must be a happy, happy thing!

MY PHILOSOPHY.

Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade—
Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made.
What though the summer day
Passes at eve away,
Doth not the moon's soft ray
Silver the night?
"Bright things can never die,"
Saith my philosophy:
Phœbus, though *he* pass by,
Leaves us his light.

Kind words can never die—
Spoke e'en in jest,

God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast ;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Aye, in all years and climes,
Distant and near.
" Kind words can never die,"
Saith my philosophy—
Deep in the soul they lie,
God knows how dear.

Childhood can never die—
Wrecks of the past
Float on our memory
E'en to the last.
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisied spring,
Flown on Time's ceaseless wing
Far, far away.
" Childhood can never die,"
Saith my philosophy—
Wrecks of our infancy
Live on for aye.

Sweet fancies never die—
They leave behind
Some fairy legacy
Stored in the mind—

Some happy thought or dream,
Pure as day's earliest beam
Kissing the gentle stream
In the lone glade ;
Yet though these things pass by,
Saith my philosophy—
" Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade."

THE FAIRY GOLD.

" It lies at the foot of the rainbow there—
The treasure ye seek of the wealth untold ! "
Said a false little fay to a maiden fair,
Who wandered in search of the fairy gold.
She looked at the arch as it spanned the sky,
Then away to the valley to find—to find
What seldom hath shone in a mortal eye,
Or been but in dreams of the minstrel's mind.

" It lies at the top of the mountain there—
The treasure ye seek of the wealth untold ! "
Said the false little fay to the maiden fair,
Who wandered in search of the fairy gold.

Away to the mountain—away, away!—
But the false little fairy was there before.
"By the fount in the valley it hides from the day—
Ye must seek it again!"—so she sought once more.

She sought it for summers, but found it not,
In the hill, and the valley, the wood, the wold—
As the fairy still told of each favoured spot,
Where lurked in its covert the fairy gold:
And her cheek grew pale with the midnight air,
And her heart grew sick with the hope deferred,
Till at length, when the maid was no longer fair,
This, this was the song of the fay she heard:

"Ye wander in vain: if ye wish to find
The treasure ye seek of the wealth untold,
Travel back to the cottage ye left behind—
For there, on its hearth, lies the fairy gold:
And warn the dreamers of mortal birth,
In search for pleasure that idly roam,
That the likeliest place in the wide, wide earth
For the Faëry Gold is—the hearth at home!"

PARTING AND MEETING.

Grief parted us—shame parted us—
Sin parted us—weeping for aye:
Pitiful dread of the world unhearted us,—
Memory was poisoned—what should we say?
Mountains stand up 'twixt our eyes, and for ever
'Twixt our deep heart-sighings heaveth the sea:
Tell me if further on earth we could sever?
Day breaks with her, when it closes with me.
Best so!—all life's sorrow holds not a pain
That could equal the anguish of meeting again!

God parted us, frowning upon us—
God parted us, tearful and meek—
God slew then the foe that had won us;
He was almighty, and Satan was weak.—
Each at the world's limit learn to forget it,
Learn there's a spirit-love deepest of all.
Blot out the past, now, nor dare to regret it—
Stamp out the record of passion and fall.—
Best so!—all life's sorrow holds not a pain
Like the pang for the past hour that comes not again

Earth parted us—seas parted us—
  Life parted us, cold and stern :
Even Love, whom we served so, thwarted us—
  Best friend, bitter foe—each in turn.
God may have joined us now in our loneness
  Closer than ever we mingled before—
Making our parted souls grow to an oneness—
  One here to endure, one hereafter to soar.—
Best so !—all sinful we parted in pain—
Let God speak, and through sorrow we mingle again !

A REMONSTRANCE.

Nay, lady, nay ! it cannot be
  That thou, the loved, wouldst wend away !
'Twere death to these, 'twere death to me,
  Who only live in thy delay.

There's not a flower that glads the hill,
  Or blooms in all our humble plain,
But would, an if it had the skill,
  Constrain thee, lady, to remain.

Bethink thee ; when, in earliest spring,
Thy favourite bud shall first appear,
It will demand the foremost thing—
"And is the gentle lady here ?"

Then pause or ere from us thou part,
Nor lightly wound a love like ours—
Or ere thou break this doting heart—
Or ere thou grieve these tender flowers.

Lest, some few feverish months o'erpast—
In hope to share our loves again,
Thou to this vale return at last,
To seek what then thou'lt seek in vain ;

And—sadly lessoned to despise
The sick delights of splendid hours—
Find, for the things thou *then* wouldst prize,—
A broken heart and faded flowers.

THE HONEST WOOER.

I WOOED my mistress with a love as true
As e'er the bosom of the bravest bore ;
And yet methinks I lacked the skill to woo,
Since ne'er to beauty had I bowed before :
Doubtless my speech did seem uncouth and rude,
Since not one word of flattery did it bring ;
And yet my heart, in its own language, sued
As ne'er before it sued to living thing.

I did not tell her that her eyes were stars ;
Why should I wrong those peerless orbs of night ?
I did not rave of mine internal scars ;
Why should my private wounds be brought to light?
I did not prate of mine own lack of worth ;
Why should I scandalize mine own fair fame ?
Nor did I speak of her exalted birth ;
Hearts linked together needs must be the same.

I did not boast what great things I would do
When that, my wooing o'er, she should be mine ;

Methinks I somewhat lacked the skill to woo,
Since that I breathed of poesy no line.
Into her ear I poured no polished tale;
I simply whispered her, "Sweet maid, I love;"
But that which to express my words did fail,
Time past and time to come alike must prove.

SISTE VIATOR.

THERE is a place among the hills
A rude stream ripples by,
And there the dainty daffodils
Look fair, and fade, and die;
And there, in the still moonlight,
Sings the nightingale all through the night;
And the lark in the morning springs,
Upcatching his voice, on his wings,
To the saffron gates of day;
And there are the fairy rings,
Which the fabling villagers say
Are the footprints of elf and fay.

Traveller! pass it not by;
'Tis the spot where I fain would lie
When at last (be it soon!) I shall die.

Ah! there the deep hum cometh not
Of the crowd far, far away;
Ever in this pleasant spot
Is music, night and day.
For either the grasshopper shrill
Chirps on at his own sweet will,
Or the trill of the linnet so clear
Steals fairy-like over the meer,
Or the cuckoo, of deep-tunéd throat,
Cries afar in the spring of the year,
Or the voice of the blackbird will float
Overhead with its tremulous note.

Traveller! pass it not by;
'Tis here that I fain would lie
When at last (be it soon!) I shall die.

There the sunshine, slipping through
Many a screen of oaken leaves,
Drieth up the glistening dew,
Till the tiny violet grieves;
And the birds and the buds and the flowers
Are gay through the sweet summer hours;
And the lily and primrose so pale,
And the marigold born i' the vale;

All sweet summer flowers that die
Shall be here, o'er my turf to bewail;
And the cold breeze shall utter a sigh
Full of grief o'er the grave where I lie.

When you see the sweet spot, go not by!
'Tis the place where I fain would lie
When at last (be it soon!) I shall die.

There the winter snows fall whitest,
There the summer sun shines brightest;
All things of the earth that are
Sweet and sad inhabit there.
Traveller! com'st thou to this spot,
In thy prayer forget me not!

A BENEDICTION.

God love her, as she loves her flowers,
Which, filling up her little room,
Enrich the happy summer hours
With gentlest beauty and perfume.
E'en as she tendeth them with watchful care,
Lest that one single bud should fall or fade,
So may God shelter every blossom rare
In her sweet bosom with his tenderest shade;
Spreading his love's almighty wing above her,
E'en as she loves her flowers, so may God love her!

God keep her, as she keeps her bird,
Which, prisoned in her little room,
Throughout the winter hours is heard
To breathe his music through the gloom.
E'en as she guardeth him with watchful eye,
And pitying, gentle heart in his constraint,
So may God tend her soul's captivity
In this cold world, and hear her every plaint;
Spreading above her wings of mercy tender,
E'en as she keeps her bird, may God defend her!

God bless her, as she blesseth me,
Who ofttimes, in her little room,
Sit in a boundless ecstacy,
And in her love all grief consume.
E'en as she blesseth me with words all kind,
And looks of soft affection sweetly given,
So may God send into her gentle mind
Words of His tenderest love, and thoughts of heaven.
Oh! may good angels evermore caress her!—
Oh! as she blesseth me, e'en so God bless her!

THE POET'S EXILE.

I AM an exile from the land
Which late I called my own;
Deserted by a spirit band,
Left charmless and alone!
They will not answer to my call
In earth, or sea, or air—
Alas, I am bereft of all
That made existence fair.

Time was when every object brought
Some gift of truth to me,
And simple wisdom came unsought
From bird, and brook, and tree ;
When meanings lurked in common things
To prompt the poet-lay—
Attest, ye weary heart and strings,
That charm hath passed away !

Now must I wait some angel hand
Mine Eden to restore—
To ope the gates of Fancy's land,
And tune my harp once more—
Some earnest joy for others' weal—
Some grief for others' pain—
Some precious sense to bid me feel
"The natural touch" again.

'Tis when our eyes are blind to see
All interests save our own,
Our spirits lose their poesy,
Our heaven-sent harps their tone.
The sin of loving self too well,
In which we ofttimes fall,
Dissolves the charm, and breaks the spell,
And leaves us exiles all.

Till sympathy's celestial fire
Within our bosom burns—
Then once again to heart and lyre
The poet-gift returns—
And now some angel hand I wait
To take away my sin—
To ope once more the Eden-gate
And lead the exile in.

TWILIGHT AND ITS ANGELS.

'Tis sweet, at twilight's solemn hour, when shades around us closing
Shut out the world's unquiet scenes, and leave our hearts reposing;
'Tis sweet to feel, as night steals on, the dead we love are near us—
To breathe once more their hallowed names, and fancy still they hear us.

Old, happy scenes come back to life, beneath the moonlight beaming,

And in their well-known wonted shapes stand present
to our dreaming;
But dearer, dearer far than these, the old familiar
faces
That, just about the gloaming, peer from memory's
haunted places.

'Tis not a dream! They haunt us still—the dead
that used to love us,
And linger through the busy day, all patiently above
us—
They know our cold hearts yet estranged by this
mad world's delusion,
And wait our spirit's better mood, made holier in
seclusion.

Good angels, then, they gather round when gentlest
dews are falling,
All sweetest hopes of childhood to our broken hearts
recalling—
Alas! to man's untrustful heart so weak a faith is
given,
'Tis only through our human loves our thoughts
aspire to Heaven!

FANCIES.

As our life fades away,
  Time, on the wing,
Bears into swift decay
  Sweet flowers of spring—
Heart-flowers of early years,
Dewed o'er with happy tears,
Young hopes and tender fears,
  Passed, passed, and gone ;
Yet are there left us some
Bright things to cheer our home—
Bright things that gladly come
  Fresh as the dawn.

Spirit-gifts to the soul,
  Fancies, are ye,
Scorning the world's control,
  Gentle and free ;
Angels of joy, that cling,
E'en mid our sorrowing,
Close round the heart, and bring
  Dreams of delight.

Fancies I know ye are;
Yet fancies passing fair,
Hiding the face of care
  Out of our sight.

Old faces in the fire,
  Which oft we see—
Tones of a fairy lyre
  Strung i' the tree—
And every kindly word
Seems as our souls had heard
Breathed by the winter bird
  In the still night—
Fancies I own ye are;
Yet fancies passing fair,
Hiding the face of care
  Out of our sight.

Fays of the magic ring,
  Worn in the grass;
Whose floor of revelling
  Ofttimes we pass—
Dryads of pathful woods—
Naiads of rainbow floods—
Pixies of pranksome moods—
  Dreams of delight!—
Fancies I know ye are;

Yet fancies passing fair,
Hiding the face of care
Out of our sight.

Legends of early years,
Which memory brings,
Mingling with manhood's tears
Old happy things—
Bright thoughts the world derides,
Shaking its sober sides ;
God knows in such abides
Purest delight—
Fancies I own they are ;
Yet fancies passing fair,
Hiding the face of care
Out of our sight.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE very flowers that have withstood the sun
Fade in the glory of my mistress' eyes ;
And, seeking to outshine her, every one,
Outshone by her, for very envy dies—
Owning its boasted perfume scentless to her sighs.

And first the dainty Rose, that in the morn
Looked all so lovely in the face of day,
That e'en outblushed Aurora in her scorn,
When as my mistress' cheek she did survey,
Seeing her gentle blushes, fell into decay.

And then the Lily, which is feigned to be
The virgin's emblem, from the days of yore,
When as my mistress plucked it tenderly,
Did see a sight it ne'er had seen before—
A rival, in my mistress' hand, and saw no more.

A Violet, in which the morning dew
Had left its tribute, looked into her eye,

And seeing there, upon that clearer blue,
A tear-drop stand, breathed out its perfumed sigh—
In sooth, methinks, it had none other but to die.

Yea! all sweet flowers do by their fading prove
That she their every grace doth far outshine;
And yet they have not known her gentle love,
Or bowed in homage at her beauty's shrine:
Oh! if their lives do end by gazing, how shall mine!

LYRICS.

I.

Delay, fair Moon; my mistress wakes!
Nor yet unveil thy modest face.
Her eye thy radiant queendom shakes,
And shames thee with diviner grace.
Delay, fair Moon, to walk the skies,
Till my sweet mistress veil her eyes!

Not yet, vain Rose, put forth thy charms!
My mistress' cheek outshines thee far.
Wait but until from Cœlia's arms
I sorrowing fly to cruel war:
Then if her cheek all faded be,
Who knows but one may look on thee?

Hush, tuneful Bird! nor dare to sing,
Till dumb with grief my sweet shall be.
Should I absent me all the spring,
'Twill then be time for hearing thee:
But dare not now, for shame, to break
The music when my love shall speak!

Ere long, my sweet to your desire,
Ye envious beauties, shall decline—
Ere long from every eye retire,
And give you room at last to shine.
Till then, for very shame, forbear
With my sweet mistress all compare!

II.

Tell me, Roses, ere ye die—
While on Cœlia's breast ye lay—
Since ye were allowed so nigh,
Prithee, cherished Roses, say,

Did ye note a single sigh
  That might chase my doubt away—
Tell me, Roses, can it be
That she heaved a sigh for me?

Yet again, sweet Roses, tell—
  While on Cœlia's breast ye lay—
Since that ye did fare so well,
  Prithee, favoured Roses, say,
If by chance a tear-drop fell,
  After I had gone away—
Tell me, Roses, can it be
That she shed a tear for me?

Tell me, Roses, yet once more—
  In her chamber all the night,
Since ye were allowed to pour
  Fragrance out for her delight—
Did she slumber as of yore,
  Ere I met her heavenly sight—
Or, sweet Roses, can it be
That she waked to think of me?

KING MIDAS AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

A KING there was of yore, 'tis said—
And well the wondrous tale is told—
Who wished, where'er his hand he laid,
The thing he touched might turn to gold.
Nor sovereign Jove the boon denies,
But grants the fool his fancied good;
Lo! nought but gold before his eyes,
He starves for lack of common food.

Not he alone—poor, foolish king!—
The emblems of the ass should wear,
Since thousands ask the selfsame thing,
From day to day, from year to year.
Praying for smooth, unchequered life,
In some all-fruitful, happy land;
Long years, unvexed by care or strife,
With health and wealth to their command.

No troubles, like the rest of men,
These Midas-followers fain would have;
But long and golden days, and then
To drop into an easy grave.

They shrink to meet the wholesome chill
  Life's flowing stream should ever bear,
To fight and vanquish common ill,
  To meet and master common care.

Poor fools! not more than Midas wise!
  Were every moment free from pain,
Where were our human sympathies?
  The tenderest heart might beat in vain.
Our life's dull wave would changeless flow
  In lazywise from end to end—
Our stagnant souls forbid to know
  The luxury of a single friend.

What's lovelier than the arch, when meet
  The golden sunlight and the rain?—
It is the bitter makes the sweet,
  And Pleasure is the child of Pain.
Whate'er *my* fortune's varying mood,
  Grant this, great Jove! (my only prayer),
Quick zest to relish all the good,
  And patience all the ill to bear.

SOULS' COMMUNION.

I NEVER looked upon thy face,
Nor heard thy voice's tone,
Yet in thine every thought I trace
A semblance to mine own.
And still the thought is passing sweet,
Beyond all Fate's control,
That we have met as angels meet—
Pure soul to soul.

Whether thy cheek as tinted snow
Be exquisitely fair,
I care not, nor would ask to know
The beauties of thy hair—
Whether thine eyes all liquid move,
Or fiery glances roll—
'Tis nought!—I love as angels love—
Pure soul to soul.

Mine is that joy which lovers feel,
When parted—from afar
To turn their still-responding eyes
Up to some trysting star.

So, gazing still on Truth, we meet,
Though seas between us roll;
So greet we oft as angels greet—
Pure soul to soul.

Thus, happy, binding heart to heart,
And glorious mind to mind,
With links of love no change can part,
No jealousies unbind;
While both one earnest path pursue
Toward Truth's triumphant goal,
We love and greet as angels do—
Pure soul to soul.

THE IVY.

I LOVE the green old Ivy, for around the oak he clings—
Not only while the summer sun o'er earth his radiance flings—
Not only while among the leaves the song-bird loves to play,

And carol forth, o'er hill and vale, in harmony his lay—
But even when the wintry blast is heard upon the hill,
And frost hath spread his icy chain o'er every crystal rill,
Amid the drear and stormy blast still faithfully clings he,
An emblem of fidelity, around the old oak tree.

I love the green old Ivy, for he spurns the cherished bower,
And loves to twine his slender ties around the ancient tower;
And there, amid the ruin and the desolated hall,
He spreads his verdant branches o'er the old and crumbling wall.
Oh! thus should Friendship, when the hours of youth and hope are past,
And o'er the wearied spirit age and sorrow come at last,
Cling fondly round the kindred heart, and in affliction be
What still the faithful Ivy is to tower and to tree.

PATIENCE AND HOPE.

I.

Cease we to mourn! we shall not always be
  Heart-weary pilgrims through this vale of tears;
  Wait we in patience for a few brief years!
Bearing our heavy burdens hopefully:
  Perchance e'en now, if we could only "look
Into the seeds of time," we might behold
A fairer landscape to our eyes unfold;
  Haply, not distant paths which we forsook
When first the false world wooed us with her smile—
  Paths careless, beautiful, and fair with flowers;
We know not whether in a little while
  We may not call earth's brightest pleasures ours.
Cease we to mourn! e'en in life's waste of pain
Our feet may find their happy paths again.

II.

Oft have I seen, after a stormy day—
  Cloudy and dark, and drear with gusts and showers,
  Such as we well might deem had crushed the flowers,
And swept their every beauty all away—

A fair eve follow, clad in sweetest guise,
And, smiling on the earth her gentlest smile,
Call forth fresh bloom to our desponding eyes,
So faithless; and the blossoms, which erewhile
Lay cold and shattered, at her kiss relive,
Yea, bloom the fresher for the bygone rain.
So may our hearts ere long revive again,
And e'en our very sorrows seem to give
A strength, a beauty never known before,
But now our happiest dower for evermore.

THE COQUETTE.

Was it joy, or was it sadness,
Made her smile so sweet to-night?
Came her words of passion's gladness,
Or her triumph's cold delight?
Sure she saw that I did love her,
Sooth 'twas plain as plain could be,
Though I never dared discover,
Yet, how dear she is to me.

When she laughed out, "Cousin, surely
  Here are ladies' eyes too bright
To let you sit and sigh demurely
  In a corner all the night!"
Meant she I should woo her then?
  Left she all the rest, to gain
From the most despised of men
  Triumph in a lover's pain?

Is her worth so far above me?—
  I, that dared not dance before her,
If I dreamed she could but love me,
  Would before the world adore her,
That she knows; and thus she tries me—
  Woos me with a sometime smile,
Only that she may despise me,
  Laughing inly all the while.

Cousin Edith! hearts, I take it,
  Hearts were meant for love's caressing;
Mine beats not that you should break it
  With a curse that looks like blessing.
I forgive you. Time discovers
  Hearts as fond as yours of flirting;
Fame, though still you boast your lovers,
  Robs you of the power of hurting.

Cousin Edith ! when to-morrow,
Full of grief, I steal away
To indulge a lonely sorrow,
Though you kindly bid me stay—
You may think that I, despised so,
Go to mourn your triumph past :
No ! I grieve the one I prized so
Grows unworthy me at last.

Very bashful, sooth, I might be—
Very dull these lips of mine ;
Very passionless my sight be—
Could not see your charms divine.
You may boast of hearts' undoing ;
Learn from mine, by you undone,
Better 'tis refrain from wooing
Than to win hearts, having none.

AN EPITOME OF LIFE.

"We are of such stuff,
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

SHAKSPERE.

A CRADLE, and a sweet repose,
Made sweeter still by blissful dreams—
A draught from that pure fount which flows
With Nature's purest, holiest streams;
A kiss from lips that fondly press
Our own with heartfelt tenderness;
And smiles, and words of sweetest tone—
And Infancy is past and gone.

A first rude lesson, kindly taught
By her who loves us best of all;
Full many a tale with wonder fraught,
And many a joyous festival;

Old songs we list with fond delight,
And holy prayers we lisp at night ;
A sport upon the daisied lawn,
And Childhood's hours are past and gone.

A dream (that it so oft should be
E'en *but* a dream !) of fondest love—
Perchance a blithe solemnity—
Perchance a grave in yonder grove ;
A high ambition, chased in vain,
Or haply won, a doubtful gain ;
Sad griefs that follow, one by one—
And Youth's bright hours are past and gone.

A thousand pains that warnings are
Of that all-dreadful parting hour—
A thousand thoughts that trembling share
The terrors of the tyrant's power ;
A thousand hopes, that quenchless soar
To brighter worlds, half seen before,
Like dreams and visions wildly flown—
And Age with all its pains is gone.

A fearful hour, when all must part—
The spirit from its house of clay,
The life-pulse from the wearied heart,
The cold eyes from the beams of day.

Past all save hope—a parting sigh—
A last fond word or ere we die—
A deep, deep sleep, alone—alone—
And Life itself is past and gone.

REVENGE.

FORTH from the ball-room ?—Yes, yes !—I see !
I mark them, ne'er fear me ! Aye — François —
'tis he !
How she smiles !—there again—God be good, or I
rave !—
Ah ! 'tis *I* am unhappy—shall *mine* be the grave ?

I wooed her, I won her — What matter ? — Look
there !—
I could wring her false heart out. A blight on the
pair !
Come, lightnings, come down ! there's your mark—
ye see well—
Come, or rend-up the world with an earthquake from
hell.

What! my hand on my sword? O fool, fool! let
it be—
Now, what were the spilling of life-streams to thee?
I will steep them in sin from the foot to the crown,
Ere I hurl the last bolt of my hot vengeance down.

I will give them the time and the place. (A fair eve!
To the garden? I follow.)—If I could deceive—
Could mask my full heart with a feigning—Matilde,
Teach me swift thy false arts, ere thy teaching be
killed!

I will cozen them still with a cold, silent eye—
Yea, will smile on their sin—will incarnate a lie—
Be the dull fool, the dotard—till passion shall leave
Its sting in their bosoms that first dared deceive.

I will wait, but not long: I will mark, day by day,
How the gloss of their Satan-faith deadens away—
Till the heart shall grow sick with its worn-out de-
light,
And shall turn e'en the love it was lost for to blight:

Till the lips that had lied to me only, shall lie
To each other in hate—till the passion shall die
That made Lethe to all but their transport alone—
I will steep them in sin, from the blood to the bone,

THEN, forth with my dagger, my poison—some death
That shall linger despair to the uttermost breath—
Till the knell of their sin shall make music to me—
O Revenge be my god! I dare all things for thee!

THE NEST OF THE SKYLARK.

ABROAD in the meadows, one midsummer morn,
Ere the sun had uprisen, as pensive I strayed,
I saw 'twixt the stems of the fair waving corn,
Where a bird its soft nest in the furrows had made.
"Ah! what ill gift," cried I, "silly bird, wouldst thou hide,
That thou buildest so low, or what sadness conceal,
While aloft on the spray every song-bird beside
All the breath and the beam of the summer can feel?"

High in heaven, up aloft, well anigh out of sight,
Sang the sweetest of songsters, who brings to the sun

All her tribute of praise for his far-spreading light
In the fresh of the morn, ere his course is begun.
"Happy bird!" I exclaimed, "*thou* art stranger to sorrow
And sadness, at least, who so lofty canst sing—
Ah! what joy for yon poor simple fool, could she borrow
One note from thy song, or one plume from thy wing!"

I passed on in silence. Her hymn being ended,
For now the bright sunbeams enchantingly shone,
To her nest in the furrows the blithe bird descended,
And soarer, and songster, and builder were one.
Then I said, "So our God hath decreed to the lowly
The brightest and best of his boons should be given—
Search the fameless obscure for the high and the holy—
The heart builds the humblest sings nearest to heaven."

THE RIVALS.

SHE died upon a sunny morn,
A sunny morn of earliest May;
As if a sweet could ne'er be born,
But Death must take a sweet away.

When roses came her cheek grew pale,
And mute her voice when song-birds sang;
Her balmy breath 'gan first to fail
When as the perfumed violet sprang.

Ah! sad exchange of sweet for sweet!
Death's cruel hand no prayers could stay;
He would not have such rivals meet,
So took the sweetest sweet away.

ROMANCE AND HEROISM.

Love is gladsome in his youth—
  Full of thoughts and fancies bright ;
Wreathing flowers of seeming truth
  To a garland of delight ;
With a heaven of smiles above him,
  And an earth of aims below—
Deeds to do for hearts that love him
  In the storms of human woe ;
All the soul's Elysium blending
In a day-dream never ending.

Love to manhood lives and grows,
  Sees his day-dream fade away—
Marks the withering of the rose,
  And the heart-flowers' sad decay.
All the daring deeds before him,
  High chivalric thoughts are gone,
Though the heaven of smiles is o'er him,
  Lighting up the ruin lone ;
Deepest in the deepest paining,
Stedfast, as of old, remaining.

Then beneath that stedfast ray,
  Love to full perfection comes ;
And from out those flowers' decay
  Springs a hardier race of blooms.
After false hopes sternly blighted—
  Hopes of that life ne'er could be,
Dreams in which his youth delighted—
  Love attains maturity ;
When, its false Ideal dead,
Living Truth springs up instead.

Wakened from its boyish dream
  Of the perfect, by the past,
Still beneath its constant beam,
  The heart to wisdom turns at last—
Takes the flowers beside it growing,
  Well content if these may live,
While Earth's stream of sorrow flowing
  Space enough for acts can give :
Harder is the life of truth
Than all the heroic dreams of youth.

SILENT LOVE.

THERE'S something nobler in the love
That's silent, than in that which speaks—
In that strong soul which nought can move
To breathe its passion, till it breaks.

Swan-like, adown life's common stream,
Laden with music, still to wend,
Retaining all the struggling theme
To pour upon its quiet end.

To feel the beauty bright within,
Yet hoard it still till hope be past,
Lest it should mar itself with sin,
And grow unlovely at the last.

To work love's perfect work—to bear
The burden for its sake alone—
This is the cross which few can dare,
Yet still the noblest man may own.

Keep thy love perfect! self begins
  But only when that love is told—
The very joy for that it wins
  Is dross amid the perfect gold.

Then it grows mixed with common things—
  With common words that all may say—
The curse of cold convention clings
  Around it to its latest day.

Now, spirit-like it takes its food
  Of life unseen from Beauty's hand—
Haunts, angel-like, thy better mood,
  And leads it to the angel-land.

O ye that love! be strong to bear
  Through life unbreathed the joy within—
Unlinked with Memory's calm despair—
  Unmocked of men—untouched of sin.

THE NIGHT OF AGONY.

THERE's light within her chamber still; and, hurrying to and fro,
Shadows, betwixt that light and me, about her come and go:
There's scattered straw before the house, and muffled is the din
Of the heavy knock upon the door — but I may not enter in.

I—that have loved her many a year, and watched my fading flower—
And *she* that lived alone for me—are parted at this hour;
But, ah! 'twould be her death, her very death, if I should dare
To set my stranger foot upon her father's lordly stair.

I feel she will not dare to tell her love-tale ere she dies:

I know she will not bear to lose the kindness in their eyes;
But her thoughts will wander strangely from the prayer upon her tongue
To the glory of the sunny light that love around her flung.

And thus, apart from her, I still my watch unheeded keep:
No friend to tell her even that her loved one doth not sleep;
But she'll feel I'm sitting here in anguish, scorning all control,
Here to watch, with faint and feeble heart, Love's sunset in my soul.

I've felt for years this pang must come, and deemed that I could say,
Resigning her, "God's will be done!"—that thought hath passed away;
The hour of parting's come at last — and now I almost rave
To think she's lapsing, while I speak, love-lonely to the grave.

For months I've marked her gentle voice grow weaker day by day,

And seen the healthful colour from her sad cheek
fade away,
And her hand—I almost shuddered as I held it in
my own—
To feel how thin and cold and weak that little hand
had grown.

There's a pause now in the shadowy haste of hurry-
ing to and fro—
A ceasing for a moment of that fatal come-and-go—
There's one that leaves the threshold with a quick,
uneven tread—
A knell comes from the minster tower—God help
me!—she is dead!

NATURE'S REVOLUTION.

PART I.

SURLY and gruff and long
Grim Winter reigned upon his iron throne,
Forbidding pipe and song
In all the frozen land he called his own.

Fettered the rivers were
Under the rigour of his tyrant sway;
Lest on the gloomy air
Their busy ripple should have cheered the day.

Hating all music, he
Muffled the clattering streets with hushful snow,
So that no mirth might be
To hear the merry footsteps come and go.

And when one little bird
No longer brooked the silence, but would sing,
Soon as her voice he heard,
He sent his frost and killed the gleesome thing.

Then, lest another note
Should grate upon his ear, of blithe and good,
From like sweet minstrel throat,
He stripped the hedge-row bushes of all food.

And when to fair or wake,
Or to some pleasant neighbour's ingle-side,
A cheerful hour to make,
When songs were sung, and frothful ale-cups plied—

Some goodly honest wight,
To tell his goblin Christmas tale, would go—
Pitch black he turned the night,
And filled deep dykes with his deceitful snow:

And, for the court he kept,
Cramps were his boon companions all the night;
Rheums to his favour crept;
Asthmas and Chills sate ever in his sight.

And, all his dismal reign,
Diseases, poverties, and pains were rife;
Triumphed the bitter blain,
And the sharp-biting sore that eats the life.

Penury, lean and old,
Fast to the skirts of his preferment clung—
And Famine, all a-cold,
With faintness' fearful pallor on his tongue.

Then through that mournful land,
From hedge-row beggars, shivering in the blast,
Each with uplifted hand,—
Misery's deep cry unquestionable passed—

Passed, till a hope was seen:
Some lusty things there were, for all his power,
Preserved their honest green,
And, strong and sturdy, changed not with the hour.

The prickly Holly-tree—
And that mad wag, the o'erhanging Mistletoe—
Laurel and Bay were free
Still from the blustering tyrant's cruel blow.

Hope for each bird and flower!
High over all outbeamed the liberal sun,
'Neath whose victorious power
Full soon the shivering tyrant's race was run.

Part II.

In the deep valleys first,
Beneath the warm persuasion of the sun,
The streams their shackles burst,
And deep down headlong gorges 'gan to run:

Each with clear-sounding voice,
Rippling old chaunts of freedom through the plain;
Bidding the woods rejoice
In the fresh hope of liberty again.

Then, one by one, the trees
Shook off their weight of overbending snow—
A warm rebellious breeze
Waving their franchised branches to and fro—

Till, one eventful day,
Bright sunshine shook old Winter on his throne,
Chased half his frosts away,
And bade his veteran champion Mist begone.

In that triumphant hour,
From out the soil, that late was crisp and dry,
Peered forth one early flower—
Peered only forth, alas! to fall and die:

For Winter, rallying then
His strong resources, sent a ruffian wind,
Who, blustering through the glen,
Left branches lopped and wrenched-up roots behind.

And for that pale primrose,
Her tender leaves were first his wrath to feel,
Felled by the earliest blows
That boisterous ruffian had the heart to deal.

Till from the distant clime
Where they had sojourned all the tyrant's reign,
Trilling sweet songs sublime,
The songster birds returned to home again.

Tales of gay sunny air,
Each in his warbling accents 'gan to tell,
Till each poor prisoner there
Warmed with the theme to burst the tyrant's spell.

March, with his furious blast,
Forth 'gainst the audacious rebels blustering went;
Destruction round he cast,
And shook the hills from freedom's stern intent.

April, a waverer weak,
'Twixt royal rains and popular sunshine swayed—
Now frowned on mountain peak,
Now in fresh blooming vales all graceful played.

Till May—delicious May—
Uprose a Queen ; and from his shivering pride
Drove Winter wild away,
That in the ice-clad mountains far he died.

Then sprang abroad the flowers—
The yellow cowslip and the virgin rose ;
Then bloomed the wild-wood bowers
With every bud the skilful shepherd knows.

Then from each branch aloft
Gay songs were heard from every sweet bird's nest,
With breathings low and soft
Where tuneful insects held their noontide rest.

Till to her sister June
May her delightful honours calm resigned,
And, 'neath the mellow moon,
Fled to her spousals with the southern wind.

June, like an empress warm,
Her welcome smiles o'er all the land extends,
And for each passing storm
With full voluptuous ripeness makes amends.

Happy the fertile land,
Bathed in bright sunshine all the summer day!
Oh might thy mild command,
Fair June, pass never from the world away!

THE LOVER'S PART.

E'EN as the fires of earth wax dim
When brightly shines the sun above,
So when thine eye beams bright like him,
Mine own, alas! grows dim with love.
Yet still I would not take from thine
One ray of that which darkens mine.

The rose that blooms upon thy cheek
Hath made mine own so sickly pale,
Its very sadness seems to speak
And whisper forth my poor heart's tale:
Yet heaven forefend that e'er thine own
Should grow so pale as mine hath grown.

The lightness of thine heart hath made
Heavy mine own this many a day ;
Thy sunny brow hath cast a shade
On mine that ne'er will pass away.
Yet sooth I wish not thine less bright,
Though mine for aye be lapsed in night.

For ever bloom those roses fair !
For ever beam those stars divine !
Bloom ne'er the less for my despair,
Beam though they cast their shade on mine.
And leap thine heart for ever light,
Though mine be lapsed in endless night !

SPIRIT-GIFTS.

NEVER say they have left us—the Spirits of Love,
That in days of our childhood were wont to be near ;
Never say they have fled to their bright homes above,
Or that we to their fond hearts have ceased to be dear.

Never wrong thy good angels ! by night and by day
They are near thee with gifts of the gentle and true ;
All the long dreary paths of life's desolate way
With the flowers that are purest and fairest to strew.

Is there never a voice in thy chamber—say !—
A passionate voice with a sorrowful tone,
That doth love to be with thee alone, alone—
And that dies with the earliest dawn of the day ?
Did never a glance from a mortal eye
To thy hopes, and thy dreams, and thy thoughts reply ?
Did never a smile on a passing face
Light on thy heart, when the world seemed cold,
And recall to thy desolate bosom a trace
Of the life and the love that were thine of old ?
Hath never a stray gift from one, who to thee
Was as dew to the flower, or the bird to the tree—
Which thou never hadst had, could the giver have known
How the gift, lightly given, thou wouldst prize—
Say, hath never such gift been thine own ?
At thy call do not sweet fancies rise ?

Then say not they have left us, those Spirits of Love,
That in days of our childhood were wont to be near ;

Never say they have fled to their bright homes above,
Or that we to their fond hearts have ceased to be dear.
Never wrong thy good angels ! by night and by day
They are near thee with gifts of the gentle and true ;
All the long dreary paths of life's desolate way
With the flowers that are purest and fairest to strew.

A DEATH-SCENE.

Fast fades the bloom on Beauty's cheek—
Fast wanes the light in Beauty's eye—
The hand grows thin—the voice grows weak—
Too weak to whisper, "Lo ! I die ! "

Slow fall the hours on Silence' ear—
Slow fade the scenes of life away—
Slow drops the last lamentful tear—
The cold sad tear for young decay—

Deep glooms the melancholy eve—
  Deeper and deeper grows the gloom;
Unhappy Life is left to grieve—
  Calm Death lies tranquil in the room.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

Follow me, follow me over the earth,
  Souls that are purest and bravest and best!
From the sweet vale of Beauty—the home of my birth—
  To the lone halls of Silence—my mansion of rest.
I have spells that shall charm ye: be ever so sad
  Your thoughts or your memories, they bow to my will.
I have strains shall delight ye: be ever so glad
  Your fancies, your hopes—I will brighten them still.
Then follow me, follow me over the earth,
  Ye souls that are purest and bravest and best!
From the sweet vale of Beauty the home of my birth—
  To the lone halls of Silence—my mansion of rest.

Come with me, come with me! music shall flow
In a torrent of rapture by day and by night;
From the song-bird above and the brooklet below
One sweet strain of gladness shall follow our flight.
And our joys shall be social, and sinless and pure
As the songs are of angels that ring through the spheres;
And their echoes, like thoughts of our childhood, endure,
Undrowned by the discord of sorrowful years.
Then follow me, follow me over the earth,
Ye souls that are purest and bravest and best!
From the sweet vale of Beauty—the home of my birth—
To the lone halls of Silence—my mansion of rest.

Sing with me, sing with me! hearts that are strong
With the music of life—with the love that is blest;
Sing with me, sing with me! hearts that too long
Have been exiled by falsehood from pillows of rest.
Mirthful or mournful, whiche'er ye would find,
Or the groves of Elysium, or fabulous stream
Where the sad one may leave all his sorrows behind,
Oh, follow me still as the lord of your dream.
Follow me, follow me over the earth,
Ye souls that are purest and bravest and best!
From the sweet vale of Beauty—the home of my birth—
To the lone halls of Silence—my mansion of rest.

Doubt me not, doubt me not! follow me still;
To my magical power is a talisman given—
To lead on the hardest, the deadliest will,
And my wanderings are aye from the cold earth to heaven.
Come with me, come! for, wherever I fly,
The spirits of beauty are still by my side—
Into air, led by echo, I *seem* but to die,
For, my mission fulfilled, 'tis to heaven that I glide.
Then follow me, follow me up from the earth,
Ye souls that are purest and bravest and best!
From the low vale of Beauty—the home of my birth—
To the sweet quires of Heaven—my Elysium of rest.

LILLA'S MAY-DAY.

" A choir of bright beauties
In spring did appear,
To choose a May-lady
To govern the year.
All the nymphs were in white,
And the shepherds in green—
And the garland was given,
And Phillis was queen."

DRYDEN.

PART I.

" MAY-DAY to-morrow, sweet mother, May-day,
And I'm sure that they'll choose me the Queen of the May.
They will come in the morn with their wreaths and their flow'rs,
And will lead me away to their happiest bowers ;
While the bright sun will shine, and all nature be gay—
Oh, I'm sure they will choose me the Queen of the May !

" And then, when I wake, all the sweet birds will sing
To the praises of Lilla, in place of the Spring!
Ay, and Robin will come at my window to call,
Looking rosiest and blithest and bonniest of all:
So we'll haste, full of glee, to the greenwood away—
Oh! I'm sure that they'll choose me the Queen of the May!

" Then at last, when our bright wreaths we've twin'd on our brows,
We will dance all day long 'neath the shade of the boughs:
And be sure all the shepherds will strive for my hand,
As they, pressing around me, all rivals will stand.
Oh! I'll try Robin's love 'neath that greenwood so gay,
For I'm sure that they'll choose me the Queen of the May!"

" Take thou heed, Lilla, for thou art too proud;
Beauty should wrap itself in modesty;
Deeming itself unworthy to behold—
Hid in itself for very chastity.
Go, look upon the lilies of the vale—
The very loveliest of the forest flowers!
See how they seek to hide their petals pale
Within their large, long leaflets' covering bowers,
Nor love to unclose, except at evening hours.

" But thou, forsooth, proud beauty, must desire
The world's false flattery and the shepherd's praise!
Haply wouldst wake some sylvan poet's lyre,
Or be the theme of courtly minstrels' lays!
Thou wouldst try Robin's love—try first thine own!
Hearts trusting in their strength do soonest fall.
Go to! I will not chide: thou hast not known
Love's evil spirit, whom the shepherd's call
Remorse, too late repentance, worst of all.

" Too soon the lesson comes, and that sad hour,
When thou shalt feel its might is near at hand:
Then shalt thou emulate that forest flower,
And, victim of thy pride, all prideless stand!
Thou shalt renounce thy boasting and be still:
Thy wish to conquer—all shall pass away,
And these high thoughts that now thy bosom fill
Shall die within thee on the wished-for day—
Thou shalt despair, thou mistress of the May!"

Beauty, to better graces unallied,
Is aye a doubtful, oft a dangerous thing.
Haply for that it doth engender pride,
Haply for that it great assail doth bring
Of o'erpersuading lust, and wanton eyes,
Which speak that beauty should not list unto—
Of oily words and smooth-tongued flatteries,
Which go well nigh all virtue to undo,
Or, at the best, do leave the heart to rue.

Lilla is young and fair, and hath been told
The fatal truth—her charms are in her face.
Lilla, being young, forgets she shall grow old—
That blooms will fade, and wrinkles take their place.
Lilla is vain, and hath not learned as yet
That love doth ever dwell with lowliness—
Lilla, being vain, doth evermore forget
That beauty was created but to bless.
Ah me! how pride doth mar our happiness!

Lilla doth love, and yet remains her pride,
Which, ever and anon, great hurt doth take
From love, to whom like mischief doth betide
From towering pride: both equal strife do make;
Which, dare we think, shall conquer in the end?
Since two such foes they are, that, when they strive,
Love will not yield, nor pride will ever bend:
And yet for long such neighbours cannot live—
Nor Lilla neither, for the pain they give.

O ye that would be lovers! learn betimes
What subjugation ye must undergo—
Pride with your master is the worst of crimes,
And he that serveth Love must bend him low.
Down to the earth he bows the stubborn knee—
Down to the lowest depth the uplifted mind—
There is no master so exacts as he
The lowliest vassallage from all mankind—
Bend low—all prayers are idle as the wind!

Lilla (I had forgot) this night lays down
Her weary head, that, through the live-long day,
Had still in fancy worn the flowery crown—
The frail tiara of the Queen of May.
Slumber, sweet flatterer, o'er her eyelids steals,
As if she loved to curtain for awhile
Those wandering stars, whose every motion kills
Her balmy influence—now she seems to smile,
Since that she hath her victors in the toil.

Then, in good humour at the conquest won,
She seeks the good e'en of her direst foes ;
And sends her ministers, ere all be done,
To warn the silly maid of coming woes ;
Dreams float like clouds across her trancèd eyes,
In chaos first, then gather to a form—
E'en as the mystic masses of the skies
In solemn pageantry proclaim the storm,
As o'er some fated spot they wildly swarm.

Hither they come, in all their wild array—
A thousand fitful shapes without a name—
The mummery of life's magic scenes to play,
Life's underplot, one little heart to tame.
Hither they come with all their change of scene,
And time, the chiefest of their properties,
The present hour and the swift hour that's been—
The future dark, that in oblivion lies—
All these the attendants of their mysteries.

Hither they come, with many a gesture wild ;
Around sweet Lilla's bed this night they crowd,
Their mimic scene to place before the child
That of her fragile beauty needs be proud.
Lilla, in sleep, their warning presence sees—
Lilla, in sleep, their warning voices hears ;
Strange fancies seem to float along the breeze,
That near her lattice comes—till full with fears
She wakes, and drowns all vision with her tears.

Anon she sleeps again—and, sleeping, dreams
She is alone within a tangled grove,
Where leafy canopies and plaintive streams
In nature's accents whisper all of love ;
Till at the last she pauses by a lake,
Which in the sunlight looks like burning gold :
Tired with her toil, she stoops, her thirst to slake
With crystal drops, when at her feet behold
A water-lily all its charms unfold !

White as the mountain-snow that flower, I ween ;
White as the drifted snow that lovely flower,
Whose cup a couch for fays might well have been
To while away the summer's noontide hour.
And Lilla looks and longs, and there is nigh
A branch which seems to make possession sure—
The which she takes, and 'gins with art to try
To reach the prize or draw it nearer to her—
It snaps—the flower floats down the stream secure.

And so, with many a dream like this, the night
  Goes by, the heart of Lilla still untamed;
And in the morning lies her hand as white,
  Upon the bed, as that sweet flower I named.
Her hair along the pillow wildly strays;
  Her cheeks outblush Aurora—and 'tis day—
Now through her lattice beams the early ray
  Of that blithe morn for which the shepherds pray,
  The first of all the merry month of May.

Part II.

SONG.

"Lilla! Lilla!—still she sleeps—
  Ah! Lilla, Lilla, wake! arise!
The sun into thy window peeps,
  To see where pretty Lilla lies;
And the buds and leaves that grow
Round thy lattice tremble so
That they cannot keep thee fast
From his gaze, he peeps at last:
Lilla, Lilla, up! away!
Thou'rt our merry Queen of May!
Don thy kirtle, braid thy hair
With a wreath of roses fair—
Lilla, Lilla, up! away!
Thou'rt our merry Queen of May!"

And Lilla rises at the shepherd's call,
  And dons her kirtle as he bade her do ;
And vainly thinks she shall outshine them all
  Beneath the bower—and Robin thinks so too.
Till now she hears the shepherd's merry reed
  Proclaim the coming of the sylvan band,
She half forgets her wonted prayer ; indeed
  Her haste is such she cannot well command
  The accustomed duties of her little hand.

So sometimes here her fingers mischief take
  From careless pins, whose points unguarded are ;
And ofttimes she some foolish lapse doth make,
  So great her haste, so little is her care.
Now 'neath her window stays the happy crowd—
  Impatient vassals of the Queen of May—
And Lilla hears them as they shout aloud
  Their early welcomes to the glorious day :
  Now every moment chides her lingering stay.

Now to the bower they speed ; but first of all
  They crown sweet Lilla with a rosy wreath ;
And now begins the joyous festival,
  Gay as the flowery shade they dance beneath.
Now comes the evil hour to Lilla's love ;
  Now comes the hour that sets her Robin free—
For she essays her faithful swain to prove,
  And Robin tempted will not brook to be,
  Or bear a doubt on his love's constancy.

Lilla hath tried his love a thousand times,
With every scheme her fancy could devise,
Till now her doubt becomes the worst of crimes;
But from this hour poor Lilla will be wise.
She scarcely doubts him—but she loves to feel
The new assurance o'er and o'er again—
Then too she thinks the kisses he will steal,
When all is done, will well repay the pain—
Besides she will confess the doubt was vain.

Oh, fond deceit! with which she so beguiles
Her heart, which knows its error all too well;
Oh, foolish maid! these are but paltry wiles,
And yet their dire effect no tongue can tell.
Oh, hapless swain! whose trusting, faithful heart
Shall be the victim of this idle play—
How shalt thou sink beneath this fatal art;
How, in thy dread despair, bewail the day,
That made thy mistress Mistress of the May!

Oh, sophistry of Love! worthy a child—
A blind and foolish boy. Oh, fond deceit!
To make a lover tame need'st thou run wild?
Need'st thou be false that truth thy love may meet?
What! to catch birds do fowlers speed away?
To bring him nearer wilt thou further go?—
Believe me, Lilla, thou shalt rue this day;
It brings its fatal catalogue of woe,
As, ere the sun shall set, thyself shalt know.

Love is at best a fickle, changeful thing,
  At no man's will—the toy of every wind:
Now through the skies it mounts on strongest wing;
  Now weaker grows, and falls. And Love is blind,
And sometimes scarcely for itself it knows
  Which way 'tis tending through the pathless sky;
Anon some little zephyr idly blows
  And drives it from its course, it knows not why;
  Anon some storm ensues, and love doth die.

Love is, at best, a wilful, wayward thing,
  That knows not what it would in sunniest ray;
That is not happy even in its spring,
  And all undone in winter's gusty day.
And yet, forsooth, ye treat it as it were
  The most robust and hardy thing of all;
Ye think its daily food it well can spare,
  And go on crippled feet yet never fall;
  Ye tempt, and, if it fail, hard words ye call.

Now comes the evil hour. With many a swain
  Hath Lilla danced beneath the clustering shade;
While Robin vainly strives her hand to gain,
  Beneath that bower his loving hands had made.
At last he draws aside from all the crowd,
  And Lilla follows him at his request;
He pours out bitter plainings—deep, not loud;
  The pride lurks still in Lilla's scornful breast—
  She spurns him rudely, and then joins the rest.

On with the dance! But where is Robin gone?—
Lilla hath missed him first, and most of all;
The shades of eve come slowly, sadly on,
And many a doubt on Lilla's heart doth fall.
Night—still he comes not. To her cottage door
She slowly, sadly, in the moonlight strays;
The wreath upon her brow blooms now no more;
Yet the dead circlet on her forehead stays—
Sad emblem of her young heart's bloomless days.

How all the lesson of a life is borne
Sometimes upon a moment's idle wing!
How oft the tangled mesh of pride is torn,
And the wild heart tamed to a passive thing
By one poor simple word, or act, or look,
Haply not meant to linger on the mind,
Yet still to us a self-revealing book
Wherein our precepts for a life we find;
Whereon we pore till tears our soul-sight blind!

Talk not of *little* things—the brooks are small,
Scarce deep enough to bear our childish boat;
Yet these in torrents to the rivers fall—
The rivers to the vasty ocean float;
'Neath whose broad heaving breast ships tall and filled
With gold and gems, and that which once was life,
On dayless rocks and sunless sands are piled;
The remnants of one little hour of strife—
These little things with vast events are rife.

Poor Lilla pauses at her mother's door,
And sobs and weeps before she enters in;
Robin, she feels, is lost for evermore,
And she a life of sorrow must begin.
Then with an effort she restrains her tears,
And lifts the latch, and enters to her home.
Her sighs with anxious heart her mother hears,
And asks the cause: "She knows there must be some;"
Lilla sobs on—at length these accents come:

"May-day is over, sweet mother, May-day;
As I told thee, they chose me the Queen of the May;
And they came in the morn with their wreaths and their flowers,
And they bore me away to their happiest bowers.
May-day, sweet mother, my May-day is gone—
And Robin is faithless, and Lilla is lone!"

Then to her bed she goes, and lays her down,
Thinking all sadly of the bygone day;
Now from her brow she plucks the faded crown—
The frail tiara of the Queen of May.
Sleep at the last bends sadly o'er her eyes,
Filling her brain with fancies of deep woe;
Heed not! sweet Lilla shall to-morrow rise
The poverty of empty charms to know,
And wiser to her daily tasks shall go.

So let her rest—pride well deserves a fall;
Hard is the lesson, but its answer peace.
Love's pride—Love's doubt—may seem sins weak and small,
Yet ills spring from them—ills that never cease.
Never so truly fair sweet beauty seems
As when in meek humility arrayed;
Never her eye with gentler radiance beams
Than when, with kindly thoughts that never fade,
Looks lowliest on the world the tender maid.

Far be all pride—all doubt. Set truth within,
And, like a loadstone, it shall truth compel;
Love's trust, amidst a world of wrong and sin,
Binds gentler spirits with a breakless spell.
Love's bravest conquest is self-love laid dead—
Love's sternest toil that strong self-love to slay—
Bind holier wreaths, ye lovers, o'er your head
Than Lilla's rose-wreath on that sad May-day;—
Set near to pride, all life-flowers fade away.

FALSE AND FAIR.

WHEN Damon the false courted Phillis the fair,
I told the sweet nymph all I knew of her swain;
But she mocked at my warning, and I, in despair,
Soon gave over my task, for I saw it was vain.

"Pretty Phillis," said I, "when your hand shall be given
To Damon the faithless, and when, by-and-by,
You shall find that his love will not make you a heaven—
Say, then who will suffer? Sweet Phillis, not I!"

When Damon the false wedded Phillis the fair,
The swain was all love and the nymph was all joy;
And the sunshine of life shed its light round the pair,
Till it seemed that no dark cloud that light could destroy.
But Damon the faithless on Phillis's brow
Soon planted the wrinkle, brought tears to her eye—
She has found out the truth of my warning ere now;
And tell me who suffers? Sweet Phillis, not I!

When Damon the faithless left Phillis the fair,
The nymph was all tears for the swain that was gone;
Now her brow is o'ershaded with sorrow and care,
And Phillis, once courted, is Phillis the lone.
Her beauty has left her—her heart is nigh broken—
She hangs down her head, and she prays but to die.
"Who suffers?" is all that betwixt us is spoken—
My heart will not let me say, "Phillis, not I!"

END OF THE POEMS.

SONGS.

SONGS.

SONG OF THE ZEPHYR.*

I COME on the wing of the beautiful Spring,
As she streweth the earth with flowers,
And I pass through the air, with a footstep rare,
To the fairest of Eden's bowers;
I kiss the Rose, as she sweetly glows
In the earliest blush of morn,
And I shake off the dews, which the nightfall strews
On the blossom-bearing thorn.

I peep in the bell and the nectar cell
Of the odorous honey-flower;
And I laugh in her cup, as she drinketh up
The drops of the morning shower.

* This and the four following songs have been set to music by Miss A. J. Rexford, and are published at Cramer's, Regent Street.

Oh ! I gently sigh as I hurry by
The bed of the Lily pale—
And I steal her sweet breath, as she sleepeth like death,
To impart to my sister, the Gale.

On my wings, as I stray at the close of day,
The sweet spirit of music flies,
While her beautiful airs, like seraphs' prayers,
Climb up to the star-gemmed skies.
And still, as she sings, on my gossamer wings,
She merrily floats along—
While Echo, her daughter, beyond the blue water,
Responds to her airy song.

I ruffle the hair of the maiden fair,
As she sighs to the silent night,
And her cheek I flush with a rose-like blush,
As I pass in my hasty flight.
The novice stalks through the abbey walks
At a solemn, prayerful pace—
But I lift up the veil from her forehead pale,
And look in her angel face.

When Autumn pours her golden stores
O'er valley and hill and plain,
And the meteor flies through the burning skies,
I visit the earth again.

And the leaves I strew in the morning dew,
Till the forests and woods are bare,
And I laugh, as they lie on the ground and die,
While I pass through the balmy air—

But at length I depart, with a heavy heart,
To the home of my birth—the sky—
And I ruffle the trees, as I pass in the breeze,
For a dirge, as I mournfully die!

THE FATE OF THE ROSE.

I MARKED a Rose in early Spring,
The pride of Beauty's bower;
Oh! Earth had not so fair a thing
As that sweet simple flower.
In native loveliness it grew,
Beneath the lonely shade;
At eve it sipped the fragrant dew—
I thought it ne'er could fade.

The glorious Summer came at last,
And still the Rose was there ;
But, ah ! its beauty's spring was past,
Its leaf not half so fair.
Its fading head was drooping low,
Yet still there might be seen
Full many a beauteous tint, to show
How lovely once 't had been.

The Autumn came ; its chilling blast
Swept o'er the lowly flower—
Its grace and beauty all were past—
It withered in an hour.
The roses that around it grew
Had perished one by one ;
It but survived that faded few
To wither there alone.

The Winter came—I sought the place
Where once 't had blossomed fair :
I sought in vain, for not a trace
Of that sad Rose was there.—
E'en thus methinks the seasons are
Of Man's allotted hour ;
His heart e'en like that beauty rare
Which perished in the bower.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

COME from the woods, where the summer's light rain
Had just wetted the flowers that were fainting with heat,
And they scarce had recovered their freshness again,
When they first heard the tread of my light little feet.
And I stole them, e'en there, in the midst of their draught,
While a tear-drop was starting, it seemed, from each eye ;
But I shook it away, and I merrily laughed,
As I brought home the flowers for sweet ladies to buy.

I've flowers for the lover, I've flowers for the maid,
Which passion may speak e'en when accents would fail—
I've flowers for the lady, her tresses to braid,
And to shadow the pearl of her forehead so pale.
I've flowers for you all—ay, enough and to spare—
And I tell you, sweet ladies, with tears in my eye,
I've a mother at home, and I may not go there
Till it please you, sweet ladies, my flowers to buy.

She sits in her old chair the summer-day long,
While I trip through the wild wood to gather my flowers—
But she tells me she misses my poor simple song,
If I stay from her long at the eve's silent hours.
And e'en now I'm certain she watching for me,
As the night's coming on, with a tear in her eye,
But I cannot go home to her cottage, you see,
Till it please you, sweet ladies, my flowers to buy.

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT.

SING on! sing on! I hear thy song—
Its music o'er the wild wave pour,
As idly I lie stretched along,
At midnight, on the silent shore.
There's not a living thing awake—
The very winds to rest are gone—
There's not a sound the spell to break
Of thy sweet voice—sing on! sing on!

Sing on! sing on! the very air
Is still to listen to thy lay;
In slumber lies the lily fair,
And will not wake till dawn of day.

Beast, bird, and fish are silent all—
The very nightingale sits lone;
Then let thy fingers lightly fall
Upon thy lute—sing on! sing on!

Sing on! sing on!—I would thy song
Might fall on Echo's listening ear,
That rocks and hills might yet prolong
Those fairy notes—now far, now near.
Oh sing! there's not a star awake—
The very moon with sleep looks wan—
There's not a sound the spell to break
Of thy sweet voice—sing on! sing on!

THE BUTTERFLY'S WINGS.

I WOULD that the Butterfly's wings might be
For a sweet starry summer night lent to me;
I'd change all the joys that ambition could bring
For a sail through the air on his bonnie bright wing.
I would not envy the toilsome bee,
For the sweets that he gathers are nought to me.
With my painted and beautiful wings I'd fly
Through the perfumed air of the midnight sky.

The rose that so daintily closes her breast
As she lies in the arms of the spirit of rest,
And the lily that lies on the rippleless lake
From their fanciful dreams with a kiss I'd awake;
And blithesome and gay would I flutter my wings
Through the musical hours when the nightingale sings.
I'd listen awhile to her sorrowful lay,—
Then off to the merry woods far away.

THE VILLAGE STREAM.

The Village Stream! Oh, how I love
The music of its flow,
When every star that shines above
Is mirrored there below!
Its little waves, as on they glide,
Beneath the moonlight gleam—
As if it were a silver tide,
And not a village stream.

In other days, when all was bright,
And beautiful, and fair,

I oft, upon a starry night,
Have turned my footsteps there;
And to the pale and weary moon
Have told my love-sick dream;
Or marked her way, with diamonds strewn,
Beside the village stream.

And still the village stream will flow,
When I am in my grave,
And other eyes will mark the glow
Of every crystal wave;
Yet let me breathe my latest sigh
Beneath the moonlight beam!
And let the village minstrel lie
Beside the village stream!

LET IT FLOW, SO IT RIPPLE.

Let it flow, so it ripple, the merry old stream—
From the garden of Eden that first took its rise;
So it bask, as it runs, in the light of the beam,
And reflect on its surface the calm of the skies.

Let it bear us along, so it bear us together,
Old comrade, with hearts still as true and as warm;
And, with hand clasped in hand, we can laugh at the weather,
And smile in the sunshine, and sing in the storm.

Let it flow, so it ripple—as nearer we float
To the ocean wherein all our voyage shall cease,
We have only to set taught and trim the old boat,
Like good seamen, and wait for the issue in peace.
Let it bear us along, so it bear us together—
Our pilot above still is faithful and true,
And will steer us in peace through the roughest of weather,
And guide to fair haven both vessel and crew.

ANGELS OF NIGHT.

THERE are angels that peacefully watch o'er our sleep,
Through the long dreary hours of the desolate night;
And when hearts are all guileless their vigils they keep,
And brighten their slumbers with dreams of delight.

They come in the soft eve, when dark shades are closing—
We see not—we hear not—their steps as they go;
But we feel them sometimes on the night-wind reposing,
And pause in our prayers as they whisper us low.

They hover around us when wild winds are warring:
We dread not the thunder—we know they are nigh:
We fear not the flash when the dark clouds are jarring,
We know that our angels stand peacefully by.

And, while we are sleeping, the sweet songs they sing us
In memory linger, and live through the day;
And the visions, the bright-beaming visions they bring us
Shall silently dwell in our lone hearts for aye.

Oh! heed how ye drive from the home of the breast
These angels that watch o'er your soft sleeping hours;
And beware of the spirit that steals on your rest,
Though he come to you crowned with a garland of flowers.

While your hearts are all guileless these angels will come
In the long dreary hours of the desolate night—

They will make in your sweet sinless bosoms a home,
And will crown all your slumbers with dreams of delight.

FLOWERS FOR A WREATH.

WHAT flowers shall I bring thee, sweet maiden mine?
What flowers shall I bring thee, thy locks to entwine?
What brightest of all in the wide world that be
Can I twine for a wreath to be worthy of thee?

For the wreath I shall twine thee—I would it were fair,
For it else were not meet to encircle thy hair;
And I would that its bright flowers unfading should be,
For it else were not meet to be wreathéd for thee.

The wreath I shall twine thee — I would it might bloom
E'en for aye in thy golden hair, breathing perfume;
And I would that its bright flowers all thornless should be,
For it else were not meet to be wreathéd for thee.

Yet the wreathe I shall twine thee, though perfume
it give,
Will but half through the shortest of summer days
live—
And its thorns are around it, though lovely it be—
Little meet for a wreath to be twinéd for thee.

I've searched through the wild wood, I've sought in
the bowers,
And I've culled thee the brightest of all the bright
flowers;
For though thorns are around it, and fading it be,
Yet the Rose is the best to be twinéd for thee.

LOVE'S LAST PRAYER.

"FORGET me not!"—'tis Love's last prayer,
When parting rends the heart in twain—
The kindred spirit asks to share
Our every thought—nor asks in vain.
For still through life where'er we stray,
By many an unfamiliar spot—
Its very strangeness seems to say—
"Love's last words were, 'Forget me not!'"

" Forget me not ! " sweet Friendship sighs,
When first the false world courts our view,
And to our all-believing eyes
Seems every fond illusion true.
Alas ! while Youth and Hope remain,
Sweet Friendship's dues are all forgot—
But bowed to earth with grief and pain,
We miss that kind " Forget me not ! "

" Forget me not !"—in every stage
Of busy life 'tis still the same :
The sighs of youth, the prayers of age
Still memory's silent homage claim.
Our human hearts have but one fear—
Lest cold oblivion shroud our lot ;
Our spirits ask the votive tear,
And sadly sigh, " Forget me not ! "

THE PEARL OF THE HAREM.

THE Pearl of the Harem is pensive and sad—
From her cheek fades the rose and the light from her eye ;
While around her the damsels are jocund and glad,
Sits apart timid Anaël, and prays but to die.

Fading flower of the Harem, an angel is near thee!
An angel of mercy, by night and by day.
But in vain is her presence to comfort, to cheer thee—
The joy from thy heart wanes for ever away!

Thou light of the Harem, why fades from thy cheek
All the bloom of thy beauty, young bride as thou art?
What sorrow in silence, too guilty to speak,
Hast thou hid in that lonely and desolate heart?
Fading flower of the Harem, an angel is near thee!
An angel of mercy, by night and by day:
But in vain is her presence to comfort, to cheer thee—
The joy from thy heart wanes for ever away!

Thou pride of the Harem, there's rest in the grave,
E'en for sorrow as deep and as guilty as thine—
And a peace that embraces both sultan and slave,
Both the joyful and joyless, in mercy divine.
Fading flower of the Harem, the angel anear thee,
Thy grief overwatching by night and by day—
Death his name—only waits on his soft wing to bear thee
Where shame, sin, and sorrow shall all pass away.

THE DEAD OF THE HEART.

It hath died in my heart—I shall know it no more—
Though I seek it with tears, I shall seek it in vain—
It hath died—the fond love was so perfect of yore,
And there stays in its stead the pale phantom of pain!

It was born on the breadth of a beautiful brow—
It was nursed in the light of a beautiful eye—
And it grew up to grace, it were hard to say how,
But its melody still was the voice of a sigh.

It hath died in my heart—I shall know it no more—
Though I seek it with tears, I shall seek it in vain:
It hath died—the fond love was so perfect of yore,
And there stays in its stead the pale phantom of pain.

It hath died in my heart, very deep out of sight—
Ere it blossomed and flowered, it fell to decay—
Like a meteor of autumn, it shone through the night,
And ere morn, like a meteor, it faded away.

THE PARTING CUP.

'Tis our last cup at parting! oh, let it go round,
As full as our hearts are of sorrow to-night!
'Tis our last cup at parting! oh, breathe not a sound
That may sadden the wine-cup that circles so bright.
We have long known each other; then why should we borrow
A pang from the days we already have seen?
Or why doubt that our friendship will prove, on the morrow,
As firm and as true as it ever hath been?

'Tis our last cup at parting! and days that are gone
Rise in sadness before us, while tearful we part;
And, recalled to our memory, many an one
Of the lost friends still dear to our desolate heart.
But be sure, if they linger in death round the dwelling
That's sweet to them yet in the mansions of light,
They are here with us now, while our bosoms are swelling
With sorrow, as circles the wine-cup to-night.

'Tis our last cup at parting ! and many long years
  May pass ere we taste of its nectar again ;
And the eye may, ere then, be a fountain of tears,
  And the gladsome heart broken by sorrow and pain.
But we'll dream not of ill, while the sky that is o'er us
  Still shines on in beauty, unclouded and bright—
Rather hope that the future expanding before us
  May beam, like the wine-cup that circles to-night.

END OF THE SONGS.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand.